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THE BIRTH OF A SONATA.*

THE LIT. PRIZE POEM, BY RALPH DUFFIELD SMALL, MASS.

THE troubled winds, moved by swift spirit hands,
Were scattering all the brooding clouds aloft.
The Night was pregnant with a shadowy dread,
As if some mighty wrong were nigh its birth—
Some deed that stirred the elements to wrath,
Compelling trees to bow their heads and moan;
And yet serene and calm, the Night's lone eye
Looked down and saw a soul attuned to grief,
Immortal grief that parented his fame:
For on that eerie night, whose turbulence
Lent kindly solace to his fevered mood,
A young composer spake love-maddened words
To eyes whose cold-lit fire had witched his brain.
As when the calm alluring cliff invites

*One of Beethoven's.

The rushing wave to rest upon its breast,
Then casts it down with rude imperious force
To beat upon the rocks, unrecognized;
So his young hope had thrown its weight of love
Into her arms, but to be dashed aside
And shattered with a word.

So, wandering with a melancholy step,
He paused from habit at the choir-door,
And entered, all his soul on fire, to tell
His simple threnody to those mute keys
And feel the balm of their delicious tones.
Beginning in melodic minor chords
That told the first elysian hours of love
When she had praised his music with moist eye.
The theme grew bolder, trembled with new strength
As love surged through his heart tumultuously.
He seemed to sweep the harp-strings of his soul
And from the organ's deep resounding vaults
The wondrous echo came, expressing all
His throbbing joy, his wild ecstatic mood
And bursts of mad delight; then came a chord
Which gathered all the World's despair and pain
Into one awful sob of agony
And sent it wailing down the spectral aisle:
And thus he played the requiem o'er her love,
Though loving still with passion uncontrolled;
Her he saw with the soft appealing eye,
The sympathetic smile that wreathed her lips;
Saw all the rich and fragrant wealth of hair
Close nestling to her rosy cheeks; then joy,
Sweet joy, sang in his soul triumphant strains,
And they, vibrating to his finger tips
In rapturous waves, broke on the willing keys
And told the golden message to the Night,
Who, ravished by their liquid harmony,
Whispered her praises along the wind-harped leaves.

Thus through the magical resplendent night
The maestro thundered his imperial thoughts,
Which, towering above the solemn nave,
Resounded to the vaulted dome, and there
Through open window sought the mystic winds
To float upon their noiseless wings aloft
And lose their melody among the stars.

The impassioned peals of harmony surceased,
His soul had breathed the high empyrean air
For one brief moment of serenity,
And then with rude discordant clash it fell:
His frenzied spirit could not more ascend
While grief lay gnawing at his heart; he stopped
As tranquil beams descending from above,
A holy calm diffused throughout the church
And bathed his throbbing brow with floods of light.
Its soothing touch beguiled his grief away,
And then a perfect peace sat absolute
Within the sacred chamber of his soul.
He smiled and touched the keys caressingly,
Their soft response came like a sweet Amen,
Which, trembling on the claustral silence, died;
And yet it did not die, but ever lives
In that supreme expression of the soul
Which charms a world with glorious harmony.

Ralph Duffield Small.

"A STAGE IN DEVELOPMENT" OF MR. BRUCE'S THEORY.

I.

COMMENCEMENT CAMPUS.

"THAT'S Nassau Hall—Old North—the oldest building on the campus; the seniors sit there on the steps in the evening and sing. Washington held his Congress in that room up there over the entrance. There's a lot of history

about the old pile, but I don't remember. Over there is the library—no, no, that's the college offices—I mean on the other side."

This was said twenty times, if it was said once, that Saturday afternoon of Commencement week.

Ever since morning the little train had been busily puffing up and down the three miles of hilly and winding track between the Junction and the campus, and at the end of each trip had emptied its load of parents, sisters, brothers, sub-freshmen, trustees, only to slide down the grade again for a load of aunts, friends of the family, alumni, directors and any others, for whom Commencement and its attendant attractions held out any fascination.

And ever since lunch had Perry Bruce been sitting alone in the cool shade of one of the campus elms. During that time he had heard six parties of visitors informed concerning which was Old North, &c.; and there was invariably some one of the group, either the mother or the sister—the little brothers generally got it right—who insisted upon calling the college offices the library, until corrected.

For a while this had amused him, for, being an observer of personal idiosyncracies, he liked to surmise, by the sound of the voices and the pronunciation, from what section of the country the owner of the voice came.

"The same girls, year after year, with the same conscious expression of face, the same meaningless remarks," thought Bruce. "Why can't some of them act a little differently from the rest," he said aloud, as he arose and stretched himself. Bruce was realizing with regret that there were only a few days more under the dear old elms, before he must leave the whole scene, never to come back with the same feeling of ownership.

This thought seemed to make him restless, for presently he turned and started down toward the little station to meet the 5:30 train, whose vigorous puffings could be heard from the front campus.

As the passengers hurried out of the cars upon the platform crowded with those welcoming and the welcomed, intermixed with short, thick-bodied and very eager carriage-drivers, Perry stood at a distance and looked at the spectacle with that expression of lazy indifference that comes of familiarity.

He was talking to his big black pipe. "Here are all of these people saying about the same thing. Here are all these girls dressed about alike; I wish some of them had pluck enough to be unconventional! I've a notion"—but at that moment his eye was caught by a queer white turban which was resting on the head of a middle-aged negress emerging from the cars. Immediately behind this queer personage walked a graceful girl, with a striking oval face and very dark eyes.

"Southern," thought Bruce. "'Most *too* dark though; and look at that dress! She's foreign; that dress is English. I wonder who she is?"

The girl was eagerly scanning the faces about her but with no success, for soon the platform was cleared of all the passengers, and there remained only the young lady, her maid, and Bruce, besides the several colored boys and carriage drivers who are always to be found at the little station.

The young lady was now looking worried, while the colored boys began looking derisively at the strange white-turbaned maid. This made the girl indignant. She walked up to one of them who had called out, "Where did you get that hat?", and with anger in her dark eyes exclaimed, "Clear out, you impertinent niggers!"

But still no one came to meet the young lady, who was now anxiously looking at her watch, and seemed to be undecided what to do. She was eagerly scanning all the faces in sight, until at last her eyes met Bruce's gaze. Bruce had, in these few seconds, made several observations. First, that his surmise in regard to the girl's being Southern was correct; secondly, that the accent was even *softer* than

a Virginia girl's, and had a certain liquid element which he could not account for; again, that in her manner there was trustfulness combined with a certain independence; and, lastly, that she was beautiful.

As she saw him watching her evident embarrassment, she did not blush, but turned toward the campus, and said in her charming accent, which no arrangement of type will represent, "Come along, Agnes; I reckon this is the way."

With that, the peculiar young girl, who had no other chaperone than a negress with a white turban, ascended the steps up which nearly the whole train-load had proceeded.

Bruce could stand it no longer. Raising his cap, he approached her and said, "Pardon me; can I be of any service to you?"

"Yes;" answered the girl, not at all confused, and looking squarely at him with her large eyes. "Can you direct me to Dr. Hastings?"

"With pleasure; but it is very hard to find"—this was a natural fiction—"so if you will allow me, I'll walk with you there."

Bruce was exceedingly glad that no one but John, the policeman, was about to witness this proceeding.

To this she answered neither yes nor no, but walked on at his side in the direction he led. Presently she turned in the quick way she had and said, "Do all Princeton men look alike?"

Bruce laughed lightly, but she seemed to be in earnest, and went on.

"I never have met but one gentleman from here, and I've seen three this evening, and everyone, it seems to me, looked like him."

Bruce smiled as he replied, "I think you'll find the similarity in their manner of dress and their Princeton walk. You know, every college has its own particular walk, which is just as distinctive as the colors."

After meditating a moment, she asked, "Do you know every gentleman in college?"

"Yes, I know them all except a few under-classmen."

"Well, I declare!" was all that she said.

Then again:

"Do you know Dr. and Mrs. Hastings?"

Bruce was glad to say he did.

"Then they will introduce us, because my brothers told me that that was always necessary."

"Well," said Bruce, "there's the Hastings' house, and I would suggest that, as we are so nearly acquainted, we assume the rest of it, for the Hastings will think it queer to see me with you, unless you allow them to think that we had met before."

"Agnes," she called to the maid who had taken and kept some distance in her rear. "Come along, Agnes. Good evening—thank you very much, sir. Come and get acquainted with me this evening."

With this, she started off toward the Hastings' house, with her easy, independent walk.

"I will come," Bruce called out, as she turned back at the gate.

II.

A YOUNG MAN WITH A THEORY.

Perry Bruce was a young man, who, by those who did not know him, was thought to be a fine fellow; by those who were slightly acquainted with him, he was considered a "queer" fellow, and by his intimate friends was said to be "very fine and very queer."

His peculiarities did not, however, place him in the domain of crankiness, for this quality is exactly the opposite of what the term would suggest—that is, *turnibility*—and Bruce was open to conviction in all his hobbies. When he entered college, a callow Freshman, dazed with all the glamour of fellowships and prizes of the curriculum, hard study was his hobby, and, with his good mind and plenty

of application, he bade fair to become what is called a "poller." Such foolish notions, however, were soon corrected.

Athletics held out a degree of fascination for him, but failing to win any marked success (not so much through physical incapacity, as natural awkwardness combined with an entirely-too-original method of procedure), he struck out upon a new path of his own.

These failures certainly were not due to any weakness or lack of perseverance. He had the great good sense to discern his proper sphere. It was neither faint-heartedness nor fickleness that took him from the eye-shade, and again from the athletic field, for *will-power* was his great hobby, and it was to the cultivation of this that he now directed much of his attention and time. Yet he did not utterly ignore those most important university departments. Bruce had set a certain standard, an approximate rank in his class, below which he would not and above which he cared not to go. With this self-imposed obligation he complied faithfully. Furthermore, he had systematic regulations concerning bodily exercise—a plan that seemed very complicated to one reading the schedule hanging on his bureau.

It would be an interesting study to look into all the features of his methods and their development, together with the checks and counterbalances that he constantly found himself compelled to set out. With most people, college has the effect of smoothing down oddities of individuality by the promiscuous rubbing, often hard rubbing, of one against others, like the smoothing effect of brook pebbles, but in the case of Bruce, the rubbing was lost upon the crystalline hardness of his character, and his contact with his fellows had seemed only to knock off more of the veneer society had given him, and leave him with all his jagged edges.

It was an appreciation of this, combined with his college experiences, that gave Bruce his philosophy of life. In accordance with it, he used occasionally to fast a day, stay

up three nights in succession, run ten miles, and perform other feats of endurance which, in his estimation, would tend to the development of his will. He recorded all these in a careful record he kept of himself.

Bruce forgot one thing—that every philosophy has its dangerous ruts, and that he was in danger of settling into one of them.

It would be impossible to trace the successive stages of development in the thought-evolution of Perry Bruce. At one time he plunged deep into the doctrines of Buddha; at another, saturated himself with the canon of Confucius. At one period, too, he was greatly fascinated by Theosophy. The result at the end of Senior year can better be left to the inference of the reader than indicated by description.

He had now reached that period of youth which in the majority of cases furnishes amusement to old men, and is the delight of young ladies, causing them to use such terms as "cynical," "blasé," &c., to the professed displeasure and secret satisfaction of the manly objects of their criticism. In the *majority* of cases, be it understood, *not* in the case of Bruce.

Though he had many of the outward indications, he happened to be of a genuine nature, and was simply trying to form an outward adaptation of his inward conclusions.

This, combined with an independent spirit and an original method of procedure in whatever he applied himself to, rendered him what he was—a fine, but very queer fellow.

III.

A VIRGINIA GIRL WITHOUT VIRGINIA ENVIRONMENTS.

Since we left him, coming away from the Hastings residence, and the conversation with the interesting young lady, Perry had gone to his club, and had discussed his dinner; had gone to his room, changed his costume, and come back to where we had left him. This change of clothing is a serious matter—the transition to linen collar and patent leathers, is not only a change of appearance—it means more

to a Princeton man. It affects his inner consciousness; it changes his mental mood. He goes into his room the nonchalant and irresponsible student; he comes out the self-possessed and watchful man of the 19th century.

So it was with Bruce, and instead of the slouching walk and careless carriage of the afternoon, it was with head erect and shoulders thrown back that he ascended the steps of the Hastings house and rattled the old-fashioned knocker.

This house, in a sense, resembled the two occupants, Dr. and Mrs. M. S. Hastings. It was originally one of those dear old-fashioned houses in which Princeton is so rich. But there had been added a wing of more modern architecture, which seemed to be trying to pull the rest of the building up to its own date, whereas the old portion of the house could never be anything else than old-fashioned. Dr. Hastings had gone to the city, and married a thoroughly modern young woman, who tried to bring her husband up to her modern ideas, while he, dear old conservative, attempted, though still loving the old, to keep up with his wife, and even imitated her look of well-bred discontent, in which he failed utterly.

It was at his wife's command that the new wing was added and the quaint small panes of glass knocked out of the old part of the house.

When Bruce entered the room he was presented to "Miss Kitting, whose father and Dr. Hastings were classmates."

The dark-eyed girl said, with a little old-fashioned bow, "I'm so glad you've come around. I was afraid that after I left you so suddenly—" She was interrupted by a look of surprise on Mrs. Hastings' face and one of something akin to horror on Bruce's.

At the same time Mrs. Hastings exclaimed, "Why, have you met before?"

Perry said "Yes," realizing as he said it that it could never be explained. But Mrs. Hastings did not hear him.

Miss Kitting, in her impulsive way, immediately plunged into a complete description of how, as she had written, she had expected to meet Mrs. Hastings, and that she wasn't there, and how Agnes and she did not know where in the world the house was, and she didn't send any "nigger" down, and she would have had to ask some of the gentlemen to take her around if she hadn't run across Mr. Bruce, who kindly showed her the way and walked around with her, ending with, "And so I told him to come around this evening.—Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Hastings?" to her hostess, who was looking with amazement from Miss Kitting to Bruce.

Bruce believed that any man of ordinary intelligence could master a woman provided he keep his head. "Mrs. Hastings," he began in a firm and forcible chapel-stage tone, "It is with a great deal of displeasure that I am obliged to explain and defend this embarrassing situation in which Miss Kitting and myself are placed. That I approached and addressed her is true. Furthermore, I will own, I was impelled by motives other than simply of imparting information. I was interested in the identity of the young lady. But it was only with the intention of being of actual service to Miss Kitting that I conducted her home."

Having delivered himself of this, he sat himself down feeling rather foolish, and at the same time inwardly laughing at the expression on Mrs. Hastings' face. That worthy lady assured him that he had given himself unnecessary worry, and that she understood the position perfectly. At which Bruce felt more foolish. In reality, being a devout believer in all the dictates of modern society, she was horrified, and unless Bruce had gotten up and said something like what he did, *she* might have been the chief speaker in the scene.

Poor little Miss Kitting all this time was looking on with wondering eyes and trembling lips, trying to imagine what it all meant, and of what crime she was guilty.

In a few moments the dramatic element of the situation was dispelled by the coming of some of Mrs. Hastings' whist-playing friends. Bruce had an opportunity to talk alone with this most peculiar girl, who was self-possessed yet woefully ignorant of the ways of society, and who had a negro maid that wore a white turban.

She was quite willing to talk about herself, though Bruce saw that it was to oblige him only, as she seemed most anxious to hear about college affairs.

He learned that Miss Kitting was born in Virginia, but all she could remember of it was "picking the white paint from the tall columns of the old house, and eating fricassee chicken from dark blue china," for, with her father and brothers, by whom she was called "Dis," she moved to Cuba, where, after her mother's death, she had lived ever since, doing nothing but reading and shooting with her father, and riding horse-back with her brothers, and bossing the "niggers" around. ("A Virginia girl without Virginia environments should be interesting," thought Bruce.) She had always "heard tell" of Princeton from her brothers, who used to tease her because she was a girl, and she had read some about it, and dreamed about it more; so much so that she could hardly believe she was actually here, and that was the reason she was acting so crazily, referring not to the afternoon, for she did not think that there was in that anything out of the ordinary, but to the rather confident manner in which she was telling her history to Bruce, to whom she felt grateful for making that "speech, only," she declared, "she didn't know what in the world he was talking about half the time." But she wouldn't have been much surprised at anything a college man would do.

And then Bruce had to describe rushes and cane-sprees, and Yale games and all such that are the delight of the Freshman, but usually a bore to a Senior. But recounting these things to a young society woman at the Sophomore Reception, who says "yes?" and shows her white teeth at everything you say, while at the same time she looks over

your shoulder at a good-looking man on the other side of the room, is a very different thing from describing them to a girl who listens to all you say with eyes wide-open, and who seems to forget her own and your existence, and only sees, in imagination, the lines of the two under-classmen as they fall on one another, and who, at the recounting of passages where, in the reality, you swore, frowns and seems about to be swearing in the feminine way—all this is quite entertaining, especially to a man like Perry Bruce, and so he thought as he walked home to his room.

He was very much delighted with his "find," as he called it. "She is such a delightfully refreshing little creature! Why, I am quite in love with the sweet little thing," he said to his pipe, in a superior way. For do not think that Bruce was in that period when one says, "Oh, they are all alike. I shall never marry." No, that woman-hating stage usually comes about Sophomore Year. Bruce was far beyond that. He professed to be a most susceptible youth, whereas he knew very well he was nothing of the kind. He always said to his friends: "Marry? Of course I'll marry, if I can find any one that will have me. Love is the only divine thing on this earth!" While all the time he was telling himself that he knew very well that he didn't believe a word he said. Indeed, the very fact of his deceiving in regard to this matter, and his never revealing his real feelings, indicates that this was his chief, his *beau ideal* hobby in connection with his whole system. He often secretly wished that he could drift into that state which men call "being in love," so that, relying upon his will-power, he could show himself master of himself by not allowing it. Love might gain the mastery over his colleagues, but as for himself—Bah! He believed that nothing could stand before his will, and, in case of this thing Love, he would prove himself the stronger, as he had done with everything else he had ever attempted.

And in all this he was entirely blinded, in that he was speculating concerning something he knew nothing about.

IV.

CLASS-DAY.

It had been arranged that Bruce should call in the morning, and take Miss Kitting to hear the Baccalaureate sermon in Marquand Chapel.

He found her waiting for him, dressed in a becoming gown, with a dash of crimson in it. He was surprised to see her look so tall.

During the sermon Miss Kitting listened with the most child-like attention, and once during the long prayer, when Bruce wanted to whisper something to her, she would not permit it, but shook her head gravely. It was very fascinating. While they sang, however, she made one or two original remarks about the peculiar positions of some of the "fellows" (she had dropped "gentlemen" after hearing Bruce say "fellows"), and how queer they looked from the gallery. It was curious to note the intensity with which she gazed upon them. She did not steal an occasional glance as the other young ladies in the gallery did, but stared at them unless they were looking back—stared at them in the manner that a Prep. regards a college man.

As they walked from chapel between the two dense rows of faces on either side, that always congregate there upon a Sunday, Miss Kitting seemed to rather enjoy the gaping of the crowd, and frequently asked Bruce who such and such a one was, with the remark that she would like to meet him.

But when they walked on across the campus past Whig Hall and East College and had examined the cannon, which the girl touched with great awe, in a sudden her mood changed.

As Bruce had anticipated, Mrs. Hastings had had a private conversation with the poor girl and tried to explain to her that she had done wrong in allowing Bruce to address her the day before.

The girl could not see the reason that she had done wrong. All that she could gather was that she had done

something which, in the eyes of civilized people, was not becoming, and with that in mind she tried to explain to Bruce.

She seemed to have dropped somewhat of her independent air of the day before. Either the effect of his having attempted to place her in her true light before Mrs. Hastings, or simply the natural change from stranger to friend, Bruce could not decide which. But he enjoyed the dependence—the true characteristic of her Southern nature—the more.

In the afternoon they took a long walk over those old flag-stones which have stood the wear of over half a century with no apparent change. Bruce pointed out all the old houses and landmarks, while "Dis" looked on with that same unconscious expression of mingled awe and interest. And when any of the fellows passed by, Dis would ask Bruce to tell all about them, and if they were members of the foot-ball or base-ball teams her interest was unbounded. Before the day was over, she made Perry promise to introduce her to enough men to fill half of the annual catalogue.

The next day being Class Day, Bruce was obliged to leave Dis, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hastings, in the hands of one of his Junior friends, whom Dis had asked to meet,—while he sat on the stage in the old church—solemn-looking in his gown, and saw Dis making a little face at him across the seats, while next to her sat the junior with a perplexed expression in his eyes. In the afternoon at the Cannon Exercises Miss Kitting, with another escort, sat in the amphitheatre in a high tier above the senior seats, while Bruce looked at her from below and wondered what she was thinking of.

There were properly dressed and properly behaved New York girls, who looked upon all the proceedings without betraying more than a strictly proper degree of interest. There were fresh-cheeked Pennsylvania girls, coquettish Southern girls and Jersey girls, and with each of these

Bruce fell to mentally comparing Dis, when suddenly he heard the historian speak his name. As was to be expected, a man of so many oddities was doomed to suffer, and as the historian added one thing after another against him, Bruce stole a glance to see what Dis thought of it all.

There she sat with tightly compressed lips and heaving bosom, her dark eyes flashing indignantly at the speaker.

V.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING OPEN TO CONVICTION.

It is a hard thing to give up what one believes, especially if it is a little pet theory that one has laid down as a steadfast principle—an underlying doctrine upon which rests one's whole attitude toward the world.

On the evening of Class Day, Bruce sat down in his room and thought. He thought until curfew rung, though he did not hear it; he kept on thinking until the bell in Old North had passed twelve strokes and had begun with one again. Then he went outside.

He stumbled on the stairs, for the watchman had put out the gas in the hallway. He walked around the campus, but his footsteps rang out too loudly in the silence of the night, so he went over and sat down on the chapel steps and thought until the sparrows in the ivy began to twitter.

Bruce had begun thinking when Dis had looked her indignant look at the class historian. Her act was simply the act of a friend, but it set him thinking of what their relations were and made him question himself. Then the question of whether he would be willing to leave Dis, never to see her again came to him, and his philosophy said "of course," while his heart, backed by his actual discernment, said "no, never," and then he began to argue the matter with himself. But he could not persuade himself, and the longer he put off coming to a conclusion the stronger the

idea—it was only an abstract idea of Dis—came up before him. Then throwing aside argument, he was obliged to call upon his will: “Act, Will, act quickly; now is the supreme moment, conquer, and the world lies before you!”

But all his calling was quite in vain, for his will had joined his heart and was laughing him to scorn. Then Perry Bruce cried out, “If you too have deserted me, I am helpless; my whole system is resting on a false hypothesis, and through all these years I have been a fool!”

This conclusion seemed to be correct, for presently he rose and with calmness, but with a great deal of force, said, “I AM IN LOVE!”

Jesse L. Williams.

THEOCRITUS XIX.

ONE day while Cupid, out on mischief bent,
Was dipping down his dainty fingers deep
Within the honeyed hives, a buzzing bee
The naughty fingers spied, and sharply kissed—
The little fellow danced with smarting pain,
And clenched his little fist. “I’ll go,” said he
“And tell my mother, Aphrodite, dear,
And ask her why so small a thing as that
Should hurt me so.” But when he went, she laughed
And kissed the stinging, rosy tips, and said:
“My sweet, you wonder why the little bee
Should bear so sharp a sting? But think how small
You are yourself, and yet your tiny bow,
What burning wounds its toy-like arrows make!”

Charles Bertram Newton.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF FRANCE.

THE appearance of the latest volume of the dainty Knickerbocker Nugget Series, entitled *Chansons Populaires de la France*, brings before the minds of the public a subject of which Prof. Crane's selections form but a part—namely, French popular poetry.

The subject is a new and intensely interesting one. Unlike other countries that boast a literature and the existence of a literary life of any high merit, France, until very recent times, has entirely ignored her vast resources in the way of a distinctly popular poetry.

And here it would be well to clearly define the construction placed on the term *popular*. I use it in its most literal sense. By popular poetry I mean the poetry of the people—not the refined and cultivated, but the lower classes—the people who are a nation's heart and life, her truest patriots, because they are the sons of her soil; and in France this class obviously is the peasantry.

There is much that is poetic in their life. They are in constant touch with Nature, poetry's first and sweetest theme. They are acquainted with her ways and whims—it is their occupation to learn them; they know best how to coax her; they love her. From the red-cheeked baby that plays around the cottage door and toddles to meet father coming home at sunset, to the hardy shepherd alone with his flocks on the hillside in summer-time, peasant life finds nature part and parcel of itself. And these simple-hearted folk have a poetry of their own—songs and ballads which they sing as they work, quaint little epics which they recite when they gather their families around the fireside in the evenings. It is rough and unscientific poetry perhaps, but it contains very often a ring of true feeling, for it reflects their hopes and traditions, their thoughts, their joys and their sorrows.

This is the poetry that France has neglected. And why? The answer is found in French history.

The literature of feudal chivalry in France was composed by *trouvères* and recited by *jongleurs* for audiences of knights and ladies alone.

Dealing entirely with that class and leaving out of account the bourgeois and the villain—political nonentities at that time—its subjects, as one might readily expect, were connected with tournaments, courts, crusades. Thus the *Chanson de geste* dwells on private warfare and insurrection, while the love of gallantry and of adventure supplies the main idea of most of the early romances. Nor did time change this state of affairs; and at the end of the Middle Ages the bourgeois and the upper classes had in literature as little in common as they had in society. No account was taken of the literature of those in the lower social strata. Popular poetry was unheeded then; it is scarce heeded to-day. The Renaissance only widened the breach between the two classes of literature, for classicism, whose death-knell Victor Hugo sounded sixty years ago, was then given birth.

The influence of the Renaissance on French literature was two-fold. It produced at first a wild enthusiasm over classicist principles. Rabelais, the Cervantes of France and the greatest literary character of the age, fell a victim to the contagion, inasmuch as it was the cause of the remarkable confusion that appears to reign in his works. Ronsard and his *Pléiade* did their utmost to spread it. They sought to introduce Latin words into the French language, to naturalize Greek compound phrases, to acclimatize the linguistic graces of the antique, forgetting that appropriateness and advisability are regulated by circumstances. Other names might be mentioned, but we must glance at the opponents of the classic movement. Calvin, with his calmness and self-containing manner, exerted an influence against the fad of the rising generation. He was the leader of the opposition ranks. Retaining the simplicity of antiquity without the heat of the literary enthusiasm of his fellows, with

Marot and his followers he fought against the classicists. History shows that the fight was in vain.

The second influence of the Renaissance is a calmer one, more ruled and practical. It looks for practical ideas. It makes a study of antiquity indeed, but it is strengthened, not intoxicated by the effort. Montaigne is the beau ideal here. He has none of Rabelais' impetuosity, none of Calvin's polemic zeal. He is simply a private investigator of mankind—"affamé de se cognoistre," as he puts it—and, with a simplicity that is as charming as it is original, he jots down his thoughts in the form of essays. He does not hesitate to use classic phrases and allusions when he finds his mother tongue inadequate to his necessity, yet he is not pedantic like the *Pléiade*. He stands almost alone, however, as a representative of this better phase of Renaissance influence, and it is a remarkable fact that he is the only man in French literature up to the middle of this century who speaks of his country's resources in popular poetry.

Classicism had obtained a firm footing in France. It was felt in French literature, particularly in poetry, where the great and foremost result was artificiality, and artificiality is the ruin of true poetry. The language became fixed and stagnant. D'Aubigné and Regnier of the 16th century are as modern as Voltaire of the 18th. Conventionality and formality became the characteristics of versification, and so popular poetry, whose principal quality is its naturalness, was more neglected than ever.

In other countries the Renaissance exerted a powerful influence too, but the result was not the same. Take England for example. There, despotism is unknown in the realm of literature, and while the classicism that resulted from the Renaissance flourished for a while under Lyly and his disciples, yet it was very short-lived, and the poetry that has lived and which has over-topped euphuism came freely from the people. Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," no doubt owes its allegory to the Middle Ages, and to the Italian

Renaissance its decorative richness, yet from England the poet obtained the sweetness and purity, the harmony and imaginative beauty which give the work its chief fame.

About the middle of this century Gérard de Nerval published two novels in which he quotes a number of popular songs, and he appears to express the whole history of French poetry when he exclaims, "Is it that true poetry, the yearning thirst for an ideal, is lacking in our countrymen that they do not understand and bring forth songs worthy to be compared with those of Germany and of England? No, certainly not; but it has happened that, in France, literature has never descended to the level of the masses. It would have been as impossible for the scholarly poets of the 17th and 18th centuries to understand such inspirations, as for the peasants to admire their odes, their letters and their fugitive verses, so colorless and so affected!"

A collection of popular poetry was made in 1852, by order of the French government, but, for some unknown reason, the publication of the mass of manuscript was forbidden at the last moment.

To foreigners, then, the task has fallen of giving to the world a few scant handfuls from the treasure-house of French popular poetry. One of these is Prof. Crane's book. For reasons given in his introduction, he has confined his selections to ballads only. Let us, however, attempt a brief estimate of the whole subject.

It treats of the entire peasant life. First there come curious lullabies, depending more on their rhythm and music than on their sense. Then, as the child grows older, these lullabies acquire a meaning; they become little fairy tales in verse, and speak of butterflies and flowers, of sheep and cows, and all the other common objects which a peasant's child would first learn to know.

Next we find poems more realistic in theme. Leaving allegory, they refer to the simple life of the farm, and, side by side with them, we have the ballads one hears in the winter evenings when the family is gathered around

the blazing hearth, where the brown chestnuts are roasting. The children sit with open mouths and gazing eyes as they listen to stories of wonderful palaces, where all the ornaments are gold and silver, and the furniture heavy and covered with crimson, where the gardens are filled with strange, luxurious plants, where the maidens are richly dressed and have snow-white hands, and the knights walk about in embroidered coats with fringes of lace, and wear hats of velvet with feathers.

To this class belongs the ballad beginning—

*Le roi a fait battre tambour
Pour voir toutes ces dames,
Et la première qu'il a vue
Lui a ravi son âme.*

which is one of the best in Prof. Crane's collection of ballads. M. Theuriet declares that he thinks there is not in the German *Volkslieder* nor in the Italian *Novellieri* "a story shorter, more complete, having at the same time more movement and poetical color than this song of twenty-eight lines. The characters are drawn at a stroke, and they live. One can see the king, a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and an all-powerful ruler; the ambitious, loving and obedient courtier; his wife, dazzled but yet timid; and the queen, jealous and abandoned, revenging herself in a 16th century fashion by killing her rival with a poisoned bouquet."

Sometimes these poems are in a religious vein, as, for instance, the "*Complainte de Jésus Christ*." The Saviour, disguised as a poor man, knocks at the door of an humble cottage and begs the crumbs from the table. The husband refuses him, but the wife kindheartedly asks the beggar in, and then, all of a sudden, the rags vanish, and the beggar is transfigured:

*"Comme ils montaient les degrés
Trois beaux anges les éclairaient."*

To the frightened woman the Saviour turns and says :

*"Ah ! ne craignez rien, Madame ;
C'est la lune qui paraît !"*

There is a delicacy and an air of respect in the whole poem which seems to reflect the sincerity of the country folk in their religion. It is no form with them. They believe implicitly, and, if an opinion may be advanced, their many admirable traits are owing, in no small measure, to their deep religious sense.

Moreover, there are the songs which they sing when at their various employments. In the gloom of the forest the wood-cutter often sings in a plaintive key, but the poetry brightens as he thinks of his *amourette*, and between the lines are allusions to the various birds that mingle their music with his words. The ploughman has his song, and the reaper, as he works, sees bright visions that the sunlight has called up, and he sings of them.

And now we come to the love verses, which contain some of the most charming lyrics in peasant poetry. Here is a lover's description of his *mie* :

*"Elle est vêtue en satin blanc,
Et dans ses mains blanches mitaines ;
Ses cheveux qui flottent au vent,
Ont une odeur de marjolaine."*

Another swain finds his mistress sleeping beneath a tree :

*"Je me suis approché d'elle,
Pour bien la voir sommeiller ;
Elle a son bras sous sa tête,
Pour lui servir d'oreiller.
Deus sa bouche vermeille
J'ai pris un baiser.
Sans trop la reveiller.

Comme la belle sommeille ;
Je fais un tour du jardin
Cueille une rose pour la belle,
Et la lui mets sur son blanc sein ;
La fraîcheur de cette rose,
La reveille bien,
C'était bien mon dessein."*

We are struck by the naturalness of all the popular poetry. Nothing is forced, nothing studied; all is spontaneous and sincere, the ebullition of poetical spirit in poetical surroundings.

Here is a stray verse from the *Chanson du Jardinier*, which reveals all that frank, hearty generosity that is one of the most characteristic traits of French peasant life:

*"Ah! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin.
J'en planterais si long, si large,
Aux quatre coins;
Que j'en donnerais à toutes les filles,
Que n'en ont point!"*

They care not for the glare and whirl of society. They are unselfish and contented. What one has he is willing to share with his neighbor. Love is the key-note of their life! But there is in this poetry, as in everything else, a melancholic strain at times.

These simple folk have their sad days as well as their glad ones. The maiden's heart almost breaks when her lover leaves the little hamlet to go to serve his time in the army. The man sees life in a busy city, and, perhaps, forgets the girl, but she—ah! she stays in the quiet cottage, and weeps and thinks of him. It is her first sorrow, and it is a bitter one. A woman's heart is tenderer than a man's. The wound does not heal until the lover returns—and even then memory lives in the scar.

Death to the simple peasant conveys no terror. He accepts it as inevitable and with a resignation which touches one.

The young conscript who is sentenced to die, cries:

*"Soldats de mon pays,
Ne dites rien à ma mère,
Mais dites-lui plutôt;
Que je suis mon drapeau,
Dans l' pays étranger,
Que j' n'en reviendrai j'amaï!"*

A lover thus tells us of a young girl's death :

*"Elle est près de mourir,
Encore elle me regarde.
Elle a tiré
Sa main blanche du lit,
Pour dire adieu à son ami."*

And here we must leave our subject. M. le Comte de Puymaigre has summed up the peculiarities of popular poetry, and we take the liberty of quoting his words in conclusion :

"To get to like the style of peasant poetry," says he, "you must accustom yourself to the absence of art, * * * to the neglect of all rules. The melody is very naïve, very simple, but still you do not get to like it until you have heard it frequently. * * * * The poetry of the people is short-winded ; it gives no detailed accounts ; * * * * it does not indicate changes of scene ; it passes from one scene to another without warning ; it does not give the conversation to one character and then to another ; they take it up themselves, and it is for the reader to disentangle them and to select the speakers. It does not interfere by blaming nor by praising. It is contented with putting them before you, and then with retiring behind them. It is naïve, concise, lively and unexpected."

With these words, and the preceding few examples in our minds, we may well ask ourselves a question, and we shall find it unanswerable because of its grand extent, its magnificent possibilities. What might not a master hand have wrought, or even now create, with such material as this ?

V. Lansing Collins.

A CONFESSION.

THOU art not my first love,
I loved before we met—
The mem'ry of that summer song
Is pleasing to me yet—
No! Thou art my last love,
My sweetest and my best!
My heart but shed its outer leaves
To give *thee* all the rest!

V. Lansing Collins.

PRINCETON IN THE PAST.

ONE often hears from men of other colleges, the criticism that Princeton men are too enthusiastic. That would not be said, by any one, who had spent sufficient time on Princeton campus, to understand and appreciate thoroughly the true spirit that animates every Princeton man, and is at the bottom of his enthusiasm. No one could be too enthusiastic for an institution, that does for him what Princeton College does for every one of her sons,—saturating him completely with a feeling of sturdy independence and putting him in touch with all whom he may meet. It is only natural for outsiders to wonder what right Princeton has to claim this distinction above other colleges? What spirit pervades her campus that is not to be found in every other part of America? The spirit that fills and permeates every son of Old Nassau is the spirit of the past.

The same love of right and fair play that in 1770 drove the angry students on the front campus to burn the letter which brought the news that even New York had at last partially broken the Non-importation Agreement, still influences the undergraduate body in the smallest actions of everyday life. For instance, if there is a college election approaching, each

candidate and his friends should, above all things, beware of too much wire-pulling, for the slightest organized attempt at undue influence in the choice of the college is sure to attract the severest criticism and that man's chances are gone for ever. He may as well never run for any office in Princeton again. And so it is in everything else,—even the smallest matters.

Yes, Princeton men are enthusiastic, and, indeed, it would be impossible for them to be otherwise, with the past record of the college before their eyes. Men of other institutions may think us too enthusiastic, but, were they here, they would do exactly as we do. The influence of Princeton on the future of America can hardly be over-estimated. Throughout the "times that tried men's souls" Princeton put her shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; the voice of Nassau Hall was heard in every debate; her influence was to be traced in almost every Declaration of Right or address to the Crown; and clear and broad and strong her name was inscribed at the bottom of every state document which helped to form the spirit of independence of all external control. Nor was it only in the halls of the legislatures and provincial congresses that Princeton made herself felt. Her sons were everywhere, up and down through the people, and their principles were democratic and independent. College-bred men were none too numerous in those days, and Princeton sent out a large enough proportion to have very great influence.

Throughout the Middle and Southern Atlantic States, Princeton men did a great deal toward moulding intelligent public opinion. That they were in touch with the common people, and in sympathy with the feelings of the times, is shown by Princeton's thirty-two members of the Continental Congress, many of whom were re-elected. How great, then, must have been the effect of the spirit of Old Nassau when her sons bore such a proportion to the men available for the National Assembly.

One of the great influences that made that spirit what it was, and Princeton men what they were, was the personality

of John Witherspoon, President of the College from 1768 to 1794. From the moment he arrived in this country he was on the side of the struggling colonists, and he was elected to the Continental Congress just in time to sign the Declaration of Independence. His love of democracy and his strong common sense impressed themselves deeply on Princeton and all her sons.

One of the first fruits of his administration was James Madison, of the Class of 1771. He remained at the college for a year after graduation, studying under Doctor Witherspoon. Here it is pleasant to think of him as imbibing the knowledge and the ideas which afterwards gave him the name of "Father of the Constitution." Almost from the beginning of the war, Madison saw the necessity of a closer confederation of some sort, and to that end his energies were directed. It was very largely due to his influence that the most was made of the opportunity offered, as it were, by chance, in 1785, by the need of a conference between Virginia and Maryland. This little commercial conference was carefully nursed by Madison and Washington until it grew to be the Constitutional Convention of 1787. In that convention Madison was the acknowledged leader in debate and constructive thinking. The proud title which he earned then was fully deserved.

And so one could go on with more names to show the brilliant part which Princeton men have played, both in the early years of the Union and since,—especially when the comparatively small number of them is taken into consideration. Of the twenty-nine college-bred men in the Convention of 1787 nine, about one-third were Princeton graduates, although at that time there were more than a dozen colleges in the country. Among the nine were Jonathan Dayton, the youngest man in the Convention, and Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice. Up to the present time we find that Princeton has had more Cabinet officers and more United States Senators than any other college, and that, too, though there are five colleges and

universities which boast a greater number of alumni. Yale has twice as many graduates as Princeton, and Harvard almost three times as many, and yet Princeton has had as many Presidents in the White House as Harvard, while Yale has had none. She has had as many Vice Presidents as Yale and but one less than Harvard. A hundred and fifty-one Princeton men have sat in the House of Representatives, and thirty-two in the Continental Congress, while the total number of Yale graduates in both, has been but one hundred and eighty-nine, and of Harvard graduates one hundred and sixty-two.

Again, Princeton has had as many Chief Justices and Associate Justices as any other college. Of United States Circuit Judges alone she has had none, but of District and other United States Judges nineteen have been Princeton men, twenty-one Harvard men, and twenty-four Yale men. Thirty-two Governors of States have graduated from Princeton, the same number from Harvard, while forty-one have been alumni of Yale. Of Judges of the highest State Courts, Yale has had one hundred and seventy-seven, Harvard a hundred and fourteen, and Princeton ninety-seven.

From this long catalogue it is evident that Princeton has taken much more than her share of the burden in politics. In many cases she has had more of her alumni in a particular position than any other college; as a general rule she has had about the same number as Yale and Harvard; and in no case has Yale had nearly twice as many or Harvard anything like three times as many as Princeton, although the number of their alumni is in about that proportion.

Thus nobly has Princeton served her country in the sphere of politics and the bench. As to other professions, it is much harder to obtain statistics, but in the ministry her graduates have taken no mean part, while her reputation for training men to teach is almost world-wide. There are to-day no less than one hundred and fifteen college professors, who graduated from Princeton, during Doctor McCosh's administration alone, or during the past twenty years.

This superiority over other colleges in tangible results is not accidental. It is ultimately due to Princeton's fortunate position, perhaps, as much as to anything else. Situated near the middle of the Atlantic States, on the principal line of travel, Princeton has always been as cosmopolitan as any college in the country and more so than most. Other colleges—notably Harvard and Yale—are probably just as cosmopolitan as Princeton, but they are in or near large cities, and hence the men are not thrown so much on their own resources, and tend to split up into sharply-defined cliques. A man is not *compelled* to know as many men as he would in Princeton.

Then, too, other colleges have Greek letter societies, and by them alone a man is practically prevented from knowing all the men in his class, or even a large proportion of them. Here there are no fraternities, and so there are no influences to divide a class into factions, except the natural inclinations of the men. Outsiders are apt to think Princeton is greatly to be pitied because "They have no fraternities there, you know." Freshmen come here with the full determination of doing all they can to get the Greek letters introduced when they come to the important estate of Juniors and Seniors. Before they have been here six months they have changed their minds. Fraternities have no possible place in Princeton. And so it has come about, that not only is Princeton able to offer as good an assortment of different men as any other college, but everyone is compelled to know at least three or four hundred of them fairly well.

It is often the case that men go through other colleges—even comparatively small ones—in the same class and never know each other; and it is an actual fact that two men were introduced to each other in New York, a few months ago, both of whom graduated at Harvard in '86. In the course of a few minutes' conversation, it was brought to light that they had been acquainted when in college. They had forgotten each other in less than five years. To Prince-

ton men such things are altogether past comprehension. Here everyone, except the most hardened pollers, knows everybody in his own class and three-fourths of those in the classes next above and below, besides a scattering acquaintance in the four other classes that are in college for a longer or shorter time during his course.

Consequent on all these things, but better than any or all of them, is the leveling democratic spirit that is everywhere. You see it in the men, you feel it in their rooms, you breathe it in the air. When a man leaves Princeton he has learnt the important lesson—the lesson which takes so long for everyone to learn, and always surprises you so much when it first forces itself home—that there are other people in the world who have just as much ability as he has, and some who even have more. He has learned, too, that every educated gentleman has just as good a right to live as he has. Besides that, an alumnus of Princeton knows more about more different characters and how men from more different sections of the country think and act than most men know. He simply has to acquire this by rubbing up against his classmates.

This is why Princeton men are so prominent. The spirit of Princeton to-day is the same as it was a century ago. Here have sprung up no societies to breed exclusiveness; rich and poor mingle alike on the campus. Princeton, almost alone, still stays in the true line, still travels the old path that an American college ought to follow. Other universities pride themselves on their fine manners. Here, we pride ourselves on our manhood and on having caught the spirit of Old Nassau. The manners will take care of themselves.

James Westervelt.

THE SONG OF THE TIDE.

THE tide is moaning out on the bar,
Out on the bar, a league away,
Turning and tossing a broken spar
That carries a corse, bedrenched with spray;
It is singing a song with a burthen drear,
And as full of dole as a widow's tear—
The tempest's refrain, sung over the bier
Of its desolate, wave-beaten prey.

The morning was cloudless, the sea was blue,
Blue was the sea that October day
Before the tempest began to brew,
When the "Mary Locke" sailed out of the bay,
Out of the inlet at ebb of the tide;
The skipper's daughter stood straight at his side;
The mother watched from the shore with pride
As her darlings were sailing away.

No man that day saw the sun go down,
Saw the sun go down in the hilly west;
The fisher's wife sat in her cottage brown,
Her hands were clasped upon her breast;
Her hands were trembling, her face was pale,
As back from the banks crept many a sail
That, battered and beaten, had weathered the gale.
But the "Locke" she saw not with the rest.

The tale was told by a sailor old,
By a sailor old and grizzled and grim;
A spout had o'ertaken the skipper bold,
He said,—and his vision seemed troubled and dim;
But what were his tears to the heartbroken wife?
She saw not; she only felt the knife
That was cutting the cord of her empty life,
While the waves sung the burial hymn.

The morning was bright, the storm was past,
The storm was past at break of day;
The tide was rocking a broken mast
With a corse bound on it, a league away;
The song of the tide had a burthen drear,
And as full of dole as a widow's tear,
As though it were wailing over the bier
Where rising and falling the storm's victim lay.

Harry C. Havens.

TOWN TALK—AT "THE REINDEER."

TALKING lightly on many matters, two young men sauntered through the streets, till they came to the Reindeer. Here they stopped, as was their wont, and slid down carelessly into the open-air seats, well shaded by an outstretched awning, inviting the weary to rest and the lazy to loaf.

Now, the Reindeer, like the typical country hotel, was made to answer the double purpose of club and café. It was here the business man repaired to get his hasty lunch. Here it was the young man retired for a game of billiards or cards. Here, too, was the cosiest place to unravel all the mysteries contained in the word—news. At this place, Harrison and Cleveland had been both defeated and elected, bachelors and old maids married off, the married had been divorced, Ingersoll praised and censured, the motions of the sun decided, not to speak of the prices of chickens and eggs talked of—in short, every question debatable and undebatable, discussed, decided and settled forever by the habitués of the Reindeer.

As Moses Hare and Peter Gibbs came up, no less an event was in progress than a hostile engagement between two ignominious curs. A crowd of boys surrounded them. Personages of rural importance were on the spot. The

clerk of the circuit court was there, egging them on. The veterinary surgeon ha-ha'd, while the town squire looked wise and quoted Latin.

This flurry of excitement over, they fell naturally to talking of a topic, toward which the whole town was looking with eager interest. In true debatable form, "Is it age, or youth, that is soon to be united in the church hard by?" was the problem craving solution. Would December or May be pleasanter to the adored arbiter of two men's fates? Both sides had its advocates.

Chatter, chatter, chatter, went the gossips.

"Well," said Hare, running a reflective thumb and finger through his sandy mustache, "I can hardly think her father would force her to marry the grey-beard. Why, every body says young Nolan is handsomer, better educated, has better prospects—but prospects hardly come into account either, for the old man hasn't any of that article," he continued dryly, "his are all retrospects."

"I know a good many think that way, but his youth is against him. A knowledge of human nature'll get ahead of books any day, you know," Smith said, with a flourish. "But a girl don't want a grandfather for a husband, that's sure. You don't know how old the youth is; he's no fledgeling."

"I should say he had stuck in a vote or so," replied Gibbs, with the nonchalance of one who had begun to feel the destinies of the nation on his shoulders.

"I knew a couple of fellows once—but here's one for you that the old man wins the race. I don't say he'll hold a lead right along, but he'll come in on the home-stretch, a good many necks ahead of any four-year-old you can enter against him," continued Gibbs, in turf slang he knew so well.

Hare looked up in time to see a vehicle roll by, holding two happy young occupants, a thing which escaped the observation of Gibbs. Quickly after the dust had settled, Hare took courage.

"I'll take ye," was what he said.

Hands were shaken, winks were exchanged, and inside the door the two disappeared, but returned in a few moments and separated, going off in opposite directions down-street.

"There it goes again, another bet," said a bystander, but his remark was not in reproof, for he added, "I'll bet you."

He was right. A horse had been staked on the result. And already Hare saw himself the owner in fee simple of Gibb's Kentucky thoroughbred, already he pictured himself as the driver of the fastest team on the avenue, already he was winning stakes at the races.

"That'll be a lucky investment, that handshake of yours, Moses Hare," he thought as he walked home.

But if the truth be known, Gibbs had a little way of his own of thinking about this self-same thing.

A while after, there was a ball in the village (for there is no better authority for it, than *They Say*), when the centre of attraction was accompanied by the enamored youth with smiles and graces.

Hare thought himself in luck, as his stock had taken a rise, but only the next day, he was bluer and wore a longer face, as he beheld the young lady walking with the very person, whose presence he least desired for her.

Thus, swung in the balance the fates of the suitors, and thus vacillated the hopes and fears of Hare and Gibbs, as they saw the chances waver.

All-knowing Rumor supplies the material for the vivid account of the evening, when Nolan called. The moon was early in the midst of her flock of sheep, like any other good shepherd. The air was balmy and pleasant. But the occupants of the parlor, at Lakeview, thought little of the glories of the night. They sat long together. What simple nonsense they chattered! At length the youth grew desperate, galloped on poetic steeds, and wound up a glorious rhapsody with *ego amo te*.

He left that evening with the idea that "all was well."

The old man came. He laid by his stick, placed his hat on the rack, and entered with fatherly greeting. It was nothing new to him, for he had been a widower several times. He had made many contracts in business, too. Had he not just contracted for a new block of buildings, on Main street? His manner was as bland as a Chinese, his language plain as Anglo-Saxon, his arguments as well analyzed and clean-cut as a college debate. He, too, had a conviction that "all was well" as he left early that evening.

Now, that night, after the call, it is said, young Wilson slept with visions of joy before him.

But that night is more memorable, in the village, as the time when old Colonel Jennings laid aside his cane, and his face began to beam with smiles. For hardly had the old man left Lakeview ere he returned with the notary. His emphatic "Now or never!" could not then be resisted by the beautiful question at issue. He wanted to "make a surety doubly sure," by "taking time by the forelock," and so forth. That he did it, young Nolan learned the next day, to his regret.

Thus it was, the horse changed hands. Clatter, clatter, went the gossips at both events. But it was not to be said at the Reindeer which was the greater, the sudden marriage or the result of the bet.

* * * * *

Time brought few changes to the rural community. If Jim Jones or Sam Harman had moved away or sold their places, there was a Tom Jenkins and a George Jayne who had just moved to town. As the Republic lives though its president die, so the immutable Reindeer had retained its characteristic vitality for the last three years.

Bruno howled. It was a hard kick the Squire gave him, and any sensible dog would have done the same thing. Even a canine, knows noise will sometimes frighten an assailant, into mitigating his blows. After taking his seat again, the Squire fell to talking to an individual whose only ostensible function seemed to be, to hold up a porch post.

"You've heard the news, I s'pose?"

"No, what's up?"

"They say there's going to be another hitch-up in the church pretty soon."

"Who are the fools?"

"Why, young Nolan is going to marry old man Jennings' widow."

"Well, that's the dernedst thing I ever heard of."

The conversation soon became general, and all shades of opinion were expressed. Some acquiesced "he was a fool," others said "no, for she was spry and pretty." One of the wiseacres thus dilated on the whole occurrence:

"Hare, you ought to be satisfied, for though you lost your horse, he came back again. Gibbs, you ought to be satisfied, on account of the big stakes you won at the races. The old man got the one of his choice and lived happily, as long as his old age would let him. The young man's face has a right to beam like sunshine, for he has won at last. And she,"—here he paused to collect his wits,—“well, she can't complain, for she loved and married both. What more could she wish?"

"All honor to the experience of Age," said Gibbs.

"And may Youth ever triumph," replied Hare.

Their glasses clinked.

Harry F. Covington.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FAWN'S LEAP.—In the grand and beautiful Kaaterskill Cove, up in the Catskills, as the traveler passes from the picturesque little village of Palenville, nestling in the valley, up the winding stage-road to the mammoth summer hotels, canopied in the clouds, all of Nature's beauty and majesty are opened to his wondering view. Great brown peaks stand out against the sky; vast masses of rock, hung with gracefully festooned vines and feathery ferns, tower hundreds of feet overhead, while here and there a weather-beaten pine clings with his gnarled roots, like bony fingers, to the crevices of the rock; while to the left the thundering torrent, fed from springs far up among the hills, leaps and plunges over huge boulders and through mighty chasms in a mad endeavor to reach the sea.

Along this wild river are many points of interest alike to poet, artist and pleasure-seeker. Not the least attractive is a broad chasm, where the seething torrent plunges headlong between two great piles of rock, gemmed with moss and ferns, ever moistened by the sparkling spray. It is called "Fawn's Leap." Many years ago, the story runs, long before the white man made his appearance, a spotted fawn, frightened from its mother's side, darted into the forest, pursued by a young Indian, supple as the timid little creature, he pursued. His trusty dog, now in full chase, presses hard upon the fawn; through many a grassy dell and over many a rocky cliff they bound, until at last escape seems entirely cut off by the boiling torrent—death appeared certain. The closely-pursuing dog was almost upon the timid fawn—already the youth has his arrow on the string. One look behind, another at the angry waters in the depth below, and those little eyes dilate with fear. The moment of peril is at hand, when with all the desperation of a dying

effort, the beautiful little creature falls back upon its slender haunches and with one mighty leap it clears the yawning chasm and is safe.

The hunter, stung by defeat but unwilling to let his prey escape, urges on the faithful dog to follow up his game. The dog, always true to his master, even in the face of death, makes a noble effort but falls short, and his mangled body striking the water far below, is borne away upon the rushing stream.

So the legend runs, and the place even to this day is called "Fawn's Leap."

—Kenneth Brown.

JOHN GAY.—Among the men of letters of the time of good Queen Anne none was more petted and loved, than the humorous, jolly Gay. Bringing with him the bracing air of his native Devonshire, he early drifted to London, the Mecca of English lads, where, like the witty Sheridan, he soon won friends. Pope and Swift were his companions, for they were not jealous of modest Gay. "For his range was among the daisies, while theirs was above the tree tops."

The most delightful of his short humorous poems is the "Epistle to Pulteney"—a description of a journey to Paris—in which, with a touch of true humor, he sets off against each other the typical vanities of two nations. He shows the difference between the French and English appreciation of music, as marked to-day as when Gay composed his poem:

"But hark the full orchestra strikes the string,
The hero struts, the whole audience sing.
Hard chance had placed me near a noisy throat
That in each rough quiver, bellowed every note.
Pray sir (says I) suspend awhile your song,
The opera's drown'd, your lungs are wondrous strong.
Sudden he shrugs surprise and answers quick,
Monsieur apparemment n'aime 'pas la musique."

Gay's fame rests on the "Beggars Opera," which he wrote at the suggestion of his friend Dean Swift, it is a ballad opera, the chief character of which is Captain Macheath, a noted highwayman.

When Gay presented the ballad to the opera manager of Drury Lane, that individual, not recognizing the merit of the play, rejected it. Gay then took it to Rich, the manager of the Globe Theatre, who immediately had it put on the stage with the effect, as a wit remarked, of rendering "Rich gay, and Gay rich." In short, the "Beggar Opera" was an unparalleled success. It was acted in London sixty-three successive nights to crowded houses. It became the fad of the year. The author of the "Dunciad" tells us that even the favorite songs it contained were carried around on the fans of the fair dames of London. The "Newgate Pastoral" of Gay was the first ballad opera ever presented.

In our day, Gilbert has made his name a household word in connection with the ballad opera—a form of opera which is likely to long hold possession of the modern stage.

The brave, convicted hero of the play, who breaks from Newgate, is sentenced to death, not for committing murder, or firing a house, but for attempting to shoot a common jack rabbit. The "Beggars Opera" was at length suppressed by the government, on the plea that, as it showed the robber in a picturesque light, robbing had become more frequent. Gay obtained not only fame as a result of the success of this play, but also the snug sum of £1000. The wasteful author, intoxicated by his sudden fortune, and not heeding the advice of his friends, Swift and Pope, to purchase a small annuity, invested his money in the South Sea Company; and the year 1720 found Gay penniless. A touch of pathos is added to his misfortune when we learn that only a few months before the break, Gay wrote a poem setting forth the soundness and stability of the unlucky company.

His misfortune embittered the rest of his life. His humor, gayety and lightness turned to grimness and mock-

ery. The couplet he wrote for his epitaph is well known and is a good example of his later poetry :

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Gay had in his early manhood, an intense love for nature. We see this in his lines on a sunset :

"Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edged with flame rolls every wave below."

His last years, like those of so many other literary geniuses, were spent in sadness and poverty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The remark which the mother of Robert Burns made, when she learned that the Government intended to erect a monument to her son, might apply equally well to Gay—"While he was living they denied him bread, and when he is dead, they give him a stone."

—Charles Irvin Truby.

THE TAPESTRY.

In a stately olden castle
Near an arching casement window,
Once a maiden wove a hanging
Patiently with wondrous skill.
But there lacked a vital something
In the tapestry when finished,
And the maiden sighed, disheartened.

II.

Now there came a gallant stranger
To that stately olden castle,
Gave the maiden what was lacking
In her lifeless tapestry—

Gave her glistening skeins all golden,
And she wove them in her hanging.
Lo! the sunbeams on it sparkled.

Then to the happy maiden fair
The gallant stranger said,
"Sweet one, thy tapestry is Life
And *Love's* my golden thread!"

—V. Lansing Collins.

NATURE FOR NATURE'S SAKE.

"We can never have enough of Nature."

So wrote Thoreau in his inimitable "Walden," and in the single, brief sentence we recognize that spirit, which characterized its author as the man, who first studied Nature, as a lover rather than, as a scientist. His was not the school of Dana and of Gray, but of Abbott, Bradford Torrey, and all those who study Nature's children for Nature's sake. Thoreau lived up to what he wrote, for Nature was all in all to him, and he never for an instant wearied of her varied beauties. Alike in the grandeur of the view from the summit of Mount Wachusett and in the peculiarities of a dried and bleached tortoise-shell, picked up in some dry ditch, he found much to study and admire. What, for example, can be more beautiful than his word-picture of Walden pond, with its "vitreous greenish blue, like those patches of winter sky seen through cloud vistas, in the west before sundown," or more life-like, than his description of the antics of his captive flying-squirrel? But despite Thoreau's rare intimacy with Nature in all her forms, as a man he was peculiar. That he has been misjudged and wrongly criticised by many who would not, or could not, understand him is undoubted, but that he had a tendency toward the morose, is equally certain. He had whims and vagaries that his followers have been so fortunate as to escape. No man need live in

a thirty-dollar shanty, to appreciate the beauty of stream or sky.

One of the best known of the later disciples of Thoreau's school is Dr. Charles C. Abbott, with whom it was the writer's good fortune to spend a day, quite recently. It is told of Thoreau, that, when walking with a companion, he was asked, "Where do you find your Indian relics?" and the naturalist replied, "Everywhere," and stooping, picked an arrow-head from the ground. An incident not unlike this happened while walking with Dr. Abbott along the gravelly shore of the river, laid bare by the ebbing tide. While we were discussing the former inhabitants of the valley, whose traces the doctor is studying, he picked up an ordinary-looking stone which almost every one would have passed unnoticed, at the same time remarking, "I hold here a stone chipped by a man, and that man one of the earliest people who lived in the Delaware Valley. Notice its water-worn surfaces, for they are the marks whereby we know its age, and these semi-regular chippings, tending toward a point, prove beyond a doubt that it is the work of man."

A delightful walk we had, along the river, the trees that lined either bank just breaking out into the beauty of their spring foliage. Out in the middle, at a point where the stream was the widest, some water-fowl rode the little waves, their white breasts now gleaming from the crest, and now sinking out of sight in the trough of waves. Along the wet sand of the shore of Burlington Island the crows were seen searching for food, and with them a few robins were flying, here and there along the water's edge. Later, at high tide, we took the boat and crossed to the island, and sitting on a half-fallen tree watched the ducks on the rippling surface of the river. Not far off six blue-bills swam and dived, and farther out a pair of mallards were seen, the brilliant green head of the one easily discernible on the sunlit water.

Such is the true way to study nature, if we are to get the best out of it. Go out among the woods and lakes for

pleasure, as well as for study, or even for pleasure only, and you will be all the better for it. Read such books as "Outings at Odd Times," if you would catch the true spirit of nature. You will almost imagine yourself out of doors, in the woods or on the water. Studying nature for her own sake will do more than almost anything else to broaden a man and put him in accord with his fellows.

—Paul Burrill Jenkins.

THE SAXON HORN-BLOWER.—The tale tells of whiles long gone, when there stood on the Top Hill he who blew the great war-horn and sped the war-arrow. High above the vale was the mound-top, wherefrom to behold before him the plains and blue hills beyond. From the rising till the setting of the sun, watched he the folkwomen and folkmen of the kindred moving to and fro, the beasts grazing in the pastures and the clouds that circled about him.

Huge in frame he was, and likewise high of mind, nor could we deem him slack at work, and, what speaketh much, he was beloved of thralls; but, contrariwise to them, he bore no club, or axe or bow, nor was he weaponed as the free-men, with spear or girt with sword, but adown from his middle, even to his shoes of skin, a great horn swung, drawn over with strange devices. Wherefrom it came no one among them wot. Manyfold greater it was than the horns wherewith the herdsmen drank at the brookside, and those of the shepherds were voiceless during the bellow of the great war-horn.

So at whiles, there stood on the mound-top, as aforesaid, this horn-blower, who breathed into the horn deep notes, which, when the air was calm, and the branches stirred not, sounded even to the ocean wave. At its voice the milchkine were wont to lift their heads and low, as if they kenned strange men were in a land they owned not. And the neat herd, no longer glad a-singing, drove up the kine to the

byre, and harkened unto the blast, and the horseherds and the shepherds, with speeches that had not joy in them, made the nightshift, and, with warlike tales, cheered each other for the onset; and the folkwomen sorrowed much and fell a-weeping on the necks of the fighting men; whereof it were sad to tell. Then all the folkmen from house and cot and stithy flocked together in the folkmote, and shaped plans to outdo the foemen, when, be it said, if the enemy be much and strong of men, they say to girdle them, but if they be few, or weak of limb, a rush is made down upon him, and straightway arrows whizz, and bowstrings twang.

In such wise, forsooth, it is taletold that he who blew the great war-horn sped thereby the war-arrow.

THE LYRE OF AUSTIN DOBSON.—Perhaps no poet since Horace has been so successful in turning light rhymes, for the amusement of refined society as Austin Dobson. All his works are contained in two little volumes, and yet his fame is made. He stands at the head of that school of Victorian poets who produce verses, light and faultless, bound in exquisite little volumes that one likes to find on a side table when waiting for his hostess, or delights to read with his toilet in perfect order. There is such a sleek, well-bred sound in such titles as “Rhymes à la Mode,” “Ballads in Blue China,” and “Vignettes in Rhyme.” Such verse has been styled “*Vers de Société*,” for want of a better name; and many of its forms, also, come from the French.

In reading Dobson we find few descriptive passages, and when they do occur they are brief, often quaint, but always vivid and sprightly. By a few bold lines here, by a touch there, and by leaving the rest to our imagination, he enables us to feel as if we had in mind the very scene that he thought of, as he wrote. How perfect is his one-stanza description of Boucher's picture in “The Story of Rosina,” or his two-stanza sketch of Rosina herself, beginning—

"Graceful she was, as some slim marsh flower shaken
Among the willows, in the breezy Spring ;
Blithe as the first blithe song of birds that waken,
Fresh as a fresh young pear tree blossoming."

Rather than attempt minute description he prefers to set our imagination going, and then help us to the details by narration, apostrophe or dialogue. Indeed, a great number of his poems are in dialogue, and his handling of it is most exquisite. What he styles "Proverbs in Porcelain" are of this form, and are the embodiment of quaint fancies, suggested to him by six groups in Sevres. A hint at the beginning as to the scene, and then our imagination follows the poet—we almost see the little, quaint, porcelain figures, and think how appropriately the poet makes them speak.

All through his poems, when Dobson catches himself growing a little pathetic, he passes it off by a light, graceful turn. He is always too well bred to let us see anything, but the slightest trace of a tear, in the corner of his eye, and his most pathetic passages are disguised and inferential.

There is the same polite composure in his humor, as in his pathos. You can often see his eyes sparkling and his mouth twitching, as he deftly sheds over you his little glow of fun ; and if he ever breaks into a laugh, it is soft and silvery, suggestive of white teeth. What sly humor there is in the statement that "the little brook discreetly purled" or that "there were hermits then, the most accessible of men !"

Often he employs his wit, with excellent effect, in satire. There is a keen sting at the close of the jaunty railery of "U Marquise."

"For we find it hard to smother,
Just one little thought, Marquise !
Wittier, perhaps, than any other,—
You were neither wife nor mother,
'Belle Marquise !'"

Dobson's use of figure is superb. His choice is always happy and often striking, and the subtle interlacing he dis-

plays is almost inimitable. "The Idyll of the Carp," where a princess is feeding her fish and comparing them to her many suitors, illustrates this excellently. The comparison is perfect in the lines referring to the carp, whom she calls her true lover :

"He swims at large, looks shyly on, is dumb,
Sometimes indeed I think he fain would nibble,
But while he stays with doubts and fears to quibble,
Some gilded fop, or mincing courtier—fribble
Slips smartly in and gets the proffered crumb."

Perhaps the word "pretty" characterizes Dobson's poems best. They are the style of verse that must inevitably be produced by minor poets, in an age whose polite society demands amusement of a light and pleasant nature, that shall soothe their poetic sense into complacency, and not rouse it into intense emotion. Despite the pleasure given by such a style of poetry the tendency of modern time toward it cannot but be deplored by those who desire the truest poetry—that of the heart.

—Robert Sloss.

WHICH?

Two things the future holds in store for all,
Either our high ambitions reach their goal,
Or dismal failure brings heart-burning grief.
Yet to what end strive we for worldly gains?
All reach the same at last,—six feet of earth
Suffice for great and small, for rich and poor.

—James Westervelt.

EDITORIAL.

THE LIT. Board desires to acknowledge the kindness of Prof. Westcott, Prof. Miller, and Mr. Harper in acting as judges of the LIT. prize poem. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Ralph D. Small of Massachusetts.

ALL contributions for the October LIT. should be sent to 1 N. R. H. on or before September 19th.

"DEAR OLD PRINCETON."

THIS is a phrase we all know. It is a phrase we all love. The hallowed name of the University which "progresses conservatively," is nowadays rarely to be mentioned without the two modifying adjectives. It has an ancestry. It has a tradition behind it which anchors it in the stability of the past. The newspapers can never say too much for the position of the college in American political history. How the halls of congress have been swayed by the eloquence of her sons; how her senators have shaped and directed the nation's progress. And then, her deep philosophic position, and her ardent love and advocacy of the truth. Is it any wonder that students anywhere, everywhere, give her the fond name of "dear"? Is it any wonder that her sons feel such an affection for such an alma mater? "Dear old Princeton" is the word. It has something more than the rosiness of "fair" as its characteristic, or terms which come from a noisy, boisterous spirit. "Dear old Princeton" has become not a mere collection of words which present a pleasing jangle to the ear. It is a phrase, but one that means something, that means much, and one that is destined to live.

PRESS FACETIÆ.

SOME jokes are periodic. They recur with the unerring certainty of the April shower. They *go*, but like the banished Regulus of old, to *return*. Always, for instance, does the spring poet sing of bluebirds; the summer poet of seashore waves; the autumn rhymster of scarlet fading leaves, while the bard of winter tells of the crystal banks of the milk-white snow. Such are the newspaper jokes of the season.

But between times the jokers are busy. In "ye merry month of June," with the recurrence of the commencement season, comes the inevitable account of those "educated idlers turned loose," (college graduates), like a ferocious animal to graze upon the pre-empted pasture lands of the public, it may be. The college man, if the newspapers are to be believed, are of two classes. He is either "Mr. Abstract Abstracted" or "Mr. Athlete from Sportstown."

The head of the first gentleman is but a garret for the storage of ancient ideas, or if the objection is not on the ground that he knows the past and not the present, his luggage is at any rate unnecessary; it is beyond the usual two-hundred-pound weight ascribed to a passenger on a through train for success in the world. "He is so impractical, you know!" He walks along, head in the air, looks at the stars as he goes, and has been known to stumble in a gutter. In after life, perchance, he becomes a reporter. He is asked to note, for example, that a certain minister was assaulted in a back alley. He is made to write it up with dignity equal to the occasion, thus: Old Personality knocks down Morality in a dark Locality. He goes to a fire and speaks with realistic detail and imaginative eye of "the licking tongue of flame leaping from timber to timber when the majestic manse falls and totters in seething chaotic ruins, etc." But this is probably what appears in the daily: "Pat Kelley's grocery shop burned down last night. Loss \$20."

The fate of Mr. Athlete, of Sportstown, is equally lamentable. He usually has little trouble in getting a position after graduation. He is "engaged for two thousand dollars to play short-stop on the B. B. C. at Kalamazoo." Then the ambitious journal probably lapses into verse—

"Two thousand a year!" the old man stares,
It makes his head to swim,
And he only has strength to utter aloud,
'Eddication is a wonderful thing.'"

Then follows the editorial, moralizing on the disadvantages of college athletics.

But we would refer the writer of this kind of article to the long list of Honor men, he has probably forgotten he has published in another column, as well as to the Honor men in life. But what noble subject has not been the subject of a joke? Where is the author, the novelist, the poet—the man, who has not at some time furnished amusement for some one? There is nowadays no serious doubts as to the benefits of a university training. The *jeu d'esprits* of the press are aimed rather at exceptional idiosyncraoies and peculiarities, and usually when the press laughs, the college laughs with it.

THE HALL TREATY.

AT LAST measures have been taken by the Halls to put a stop to campaigning, with all its attendant annoyances to all concerned. This is certainly a subject for considerable congratulation. It is not to be expected, however, that all campaigning will be abruptly done away with. There will in all probability be some who will, for one motive or another, persist in the troublesome practice, regardless of consequences. But each succeeding class as it enters will be subjected to less and less of it, and it will thus die a natural death. It is a practice that has taken years to grow

to its present proportions, and it would therefore be absurd to suppose that it will come to a full stop all at once. It will die slowly. Each class as it comes to the control of affairs in either Hall will be less accustomed to the idea of campaigning than its predecessor, and, consequently, of course, less likely to campaign.

The treaty will be put to the severest test next fall, and for a year or two to come. It will be then that men most accustomed to the old régime will be compelled to restrain themselves. It would be well, perhaps, if the Halls would come to some understanding not to prosecute except for well-established and grave offences. For if once they begin to accuse men of small offences, or without any substantial grounds for suspicion, there will be a strong tendency towards "horse-play." It need hardly be said that that would be the surest way to practically annul any such agreement in a college community. The frequency of the occurrence and the smallness of the penalties, even if there were no tendency to degenerate into "horse-play," would probably bring the whole thing into contempt. It is not likely that every offence will be detected, or punishment in proportion always meted out. But the risk of incurring the severe penalties prescribed will be more influential in putting an end to campaigning than the punishments actually imposed.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DIPLOMACY.

DURING the first half of last March, negotiations were in progress between the managements of the Yale, Harvard and Princeton Base-ball Nines, with the object of arranging series of games between those three colleges. Yale had seen the difficulty of competing successfully with two rivals of such strength who did not meet each other. Last spring, although her nine was the strongest she had had in years, she escaped defeat at the hands of both her

opponents by the merest hair's breadth. Again in the fall Yale was beaten by Harvard, who had no other games of consequence, and although she beat Princeton by an unheard-of score, yet even so the lesson of experience is that Harvard would not have been in condition to meet Yale within several weeks after a game with Princeton. Yale, therefore, in arranging games with both Harvard and Princeton, stipulated merely in self-defense, that they should play each other. With Harvard, further conditions were made regarding a fifth game if any such should be needed. When the conditions upon which the Harvard series was arranged were disregarded, Yale was evidently free from any obligations entered into. Having made such and such circumstances, the conditions upon which she was willing to play Harvard, and desiring to hold to those conditions, Yale very naturally cancelled the Harvard series. It seems plain enough that if the conditions on which a contract is made are broken, that contract is no longer valid.

However, even if the question had two sides to it, it would not be our purpose to argue the merits of a quarrel between Yale and Harvard. But the principle involved affects Princeton's interests quite closely. If agreements entered into with us are not to be kept, although we are expected to keep our part, then it behooves our future managements to take care with whom they deal. Princeton can hardly be expected to go to all the trouble of arranging dates with Harvard, which are to be disregarded.

The Harvard Advisory Committee, for reasons of their own, saw fit to cancel the Princeton-Harvard games. Inasmuch as the dates were of Harvard's own choosing, this was sufficiently surprising. If the arrangement was only a provisional one, Princeton and Yale should have been advised of the fact. If Captain Dean had plenipotentiary powers, faith should have been kept. If he had not, then he should not have made arrangements seemingly final,—or, better still, some one having the requisite authority should have been sent to make the arrangements. For it

is to be remembered that the other parties to these transactions are in the habit of sending representatives who have power to take final action, and have, therefore, a right to require Harvard to do likewise.

In the light of the present trouble there seems to be but one thing which Harvard can do to help herself out of her difficulty,—namely, so to arrange matters that some one can be sent to all such inter-collegiate meetings in future who shall have authority to arrange finally all matters of this sort. Every other college does so and naturally expects Harvard to do the same. We do not make this suggestion with any desire to interfere with Harvard's internal athletic policy. Such a subject could not have the remotest interest to Princeton men. It is made rather with the object of paving the way for possible negotiations in future, perhaps even with regard to foot-ball at no distant day. For Harvard has always given us closer games in foot-ball than any college except Yale; more than that, her team beat Princeton in '87, and would most likely have done so last fall. Harvard seems, then, to have learned the game and promises to be no mean rival in future foot-ball contests. But all possibility of any correspondence on the subject would of course be precluded by the previous knowledge that any arrangement whose terms were not more than favorable to Harvard would be repudiated by this Graduate Advisory Committee.

GOSSIP.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season atween June and May
Half prinkt with spring, with summer half imbrowned.

—*Thomson.*

IT IS not a very strange fact that there are apparently but two favorite walks in this town. If you have friends visiting the place, you take the one, and if you are promenading for your own private benefit or amusement, you take the other. Visitors find themselves conducted to "Marquand's;" students go in the opposite direction.

The Gossip followed the rule the other night, and, being "all by his lonesome," went down the *Street of the Erratic Sidewalk*.

A stranger here, out after dark, runs a great risk of breaking his neck; but how well we get to know the peculiarities of Nassau Street! Who among us is not always ready for each loose slab, each crack and rut, each diminutive toboggan slide, each tuft of grass almost?

Just as the Gossip passed the last campus gate, he heard distant sounds of music—a mandolin and the deeper chords of a guitar. Very faint they were, as if they came from somewhere up among the tree-tops, where the leaves were holding them, to let only a few trembling notes fall to the silent earth.

The Gossip stood and listened. Louder grew the music. The air was Spanish—a weird and mournful melody. It rose and fell beneath the skillful touch of the player, just as the night wind sighs and moans and dies away at the will of its director. There was something wonderfully pathetic about that music. Its dreamy minor key suited the hour and place—the

"Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between—"

and as it swelled and wavered, it seemed to speak of its home across the sea. Such music, 'tis said, one hears in Spain, in sunny Spain, where, in all the world, love and song are most inseparable. It tells of terraced gardens, of gallant lovers, of flashing eyes and throbbing hearts. Who knows the power, the meaning of such music *then* and *there*? Who understands it anywhere? It sets the heart-strings vibrating with a note that's inexpressible. Music hath more than charms alone!

Travelers say that the Venetian gondoliers sing as they work at their oars; that Venice—strangely romantic city of canals and bridges, palaces and churches—by night is a fairy capital. In some of his pleasant reveries the Gossip has been to Venice, and invariably has then wandered off to Florence, the City of Lilies, the city in whose winding

streets, with their galleries and niches half hidden in the shadow, spirits historic and legendary, must seem to walk even to-day. Ah, Italy! No wonder the harmonies we have received from thy maestros have some of them been superb, thrilling, impressive, as if inspired by the histories embalmed in thy relics, and others passionately beautiful, as if wrung from hearts touched by the solemnity and pathos that underlie those histories! Spain sings love and happiness; Italy, past grandeur and present memory!

Presently the music ceased, and, as it did not go on again, the Gossip continued his walk down the *Street of the Erratic Sidewalk*, and when he returned to his room an hour later, he sat down and wrote these pages. He had caught a glimpse of "the poetical side of Princeton." The phrase is quoted from a recent conversation with a former Ltr. Gossip. I have to thank him for the gift of a Commencement subject, although, to tell the truth, it was given unconsciously.

Poetical Princeton is seen at its best just now, during Commencement week. In winter the place looks dreary enough. Everything is prosy. The trees are bare; the weather vile; the campus sodden and bedraggled. Everything is prose and wretched, muddy prose at that! Then comes spring, with its uncertainty. It is prose poetry—neither one thing nor the other. The days are indescribable days, more than half summer, and yet at times wintry. We call them poetical prose. And then the wild flowers come, the shrubs and trees bud; the gladiator in front of the Gym. gets attended to and gleams once more under a radiant coating of bronze paint. So at length we come to summer and Commencement time, when Princeton's poetical side is seen more vividly than at any other.

Now, there are various phases of this Princetonian personification of poetry. There is, first, something of the realism of dramatic poetry in the way in which one hears professions discussed, ambitions admitted, purposes announced, and, last but not least, regrets confessed by those who are now entering life in earnest. Commencement is realistic to them. The poetic aspect of these last few days does not perhaps strike them as it does us who look on. It is there, nevertheless; but it is the poetry of an intensely earnest drama—the drama of life.

Then, there is the epic poetry, which demands a hero or some central character. This we have in plenty in the contests, class-day exercises and prize announcements. Here we meet with the results of weeks, nay, months of labor, and we applaud or laugh as it may be. There is about this part of Commencement, in the crowds of strangers, the gray-haired alumni, the mothers and the sisters—your own or somebody's else—a certain romance which is peculiarly its own. We can all enjoy this part.

And then, lastly, there is the lyric poetry, the sweetest, the gentlest, and yet the saddest of the three. We have enjoyed the sweetness of it ever since the summer days have come. The fresh, cool mornings are

a part of it; the sultry afternoons keep it in suspense and the lovely evenings show it best of all. The stray choruses and snatches of songs, the few chords of a half-heard guitar, the trembling, tingling music of a mandolin, such as the Gossip spoke of a little while ago—these are part of the lyric of poetical Princeton. When the Seniors are singing an old favorite, does not your memory carry you back over your course, and do you not linger over recollections of times other than these, when you have sung that chorus or heard it sung? Do you not, then, feel the subtle charm of these fleeting twilight hours? I do; and sometimes I have wished that they could last forever, and yet somehow, when the crowd has broken up and scattered, I have been glad it was over. Such music makes you feel just a little wee bit homesick at times—now confess—doesn't it? How that last chorus seems to loiter among the elms, even after every one has gone, and the lawns are deserted! But we love such music. We love it better than all the grand harmonies of the world's composers. We love it because it is simple and beautiful and sung

—“with a hearty will
And voices full of cheer!”

These are the sweet musical lyrics; those that have rhythm and fire in them.

Next come the gentle, tender ones—a delicate subject. We know they exist; every one knows it. Do you think that there are not, among all this Commencement throng, faces that mean something to some of us, hearts that beat a little faster for some of us? We are a careless, thoughtless lot—college students always are—but we do have our sober moments, and in those moments we think as perhaps we never at other times do. Yes, yes, there are deeper and nobler lyrics yet than those whose only charm is melody. A refining, constraining influence may have been imparted to a character, an honest purpose or a loftier aim to some one's life, because of something better than friendship. In these merry visits of our friends of gentler voice and tenderer nature, there may be an invisible and unknown undercurrent here and there, stronger and more serious than we probably imagine. It may come out a few years hence; the hidden stream may spring up a mighty river. If so, remember these lines and do not consider them the sentimental gush of a garrulous gossip.

Then comes the plaintive lyric of farewell. The roll-call—the class ode—the blue smoke of each pipe of peace floating up from the circle around the cannon and melting away among the waving branches overhead, while the white clays themselves are shattered on the old relic—and after that—

Here the Gossip laid his pen down, put away his manuscript, set his alarm clock for next morning and went to bed. His dreams were strange-

Spanish love songs, and Venetian gondolas, and exquisite lyrics which the Gossip would give worlds to be able to recall, and Florentine courtyards and college choruses were so intermingled that a nightmare seemed to be in full possession. But in one of the fleeting pictures the Gossip saw a face he knew, and it hovered through all his dream.

But next morning he could not think whose face it was, and this was the sole remark he could recollect of all the things he had heard in his sleep, "Wherever you go in the wide world, you'll find a Princeton man there already!"

Later on, when he took out his manuscript again and came to the break at the end of the lyric in poetical Princeton, he could not pick up the trend of his thoughts the night before, so he decided to leave it as it was, and he went out and watched the "sports" pitch pennies in front of Reunion.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT USED to be the custom for the company, gathered at a feast, to applaud the well-told tale, which had so large a place in the entertainment provided by the host; for the guests at the wayside inn to pass the hours of their sojourn by contributing to the general enjoyment their several stories, those who listened, anxiously waiting to hear the happy ending of some exciting escapade, to join in the hearty mirth which followed the witty saying of one who jested well. Then story-telling was an important factor in human life. Times have changed, language has taken a new form, and the fashions are not what they were. If one should attire himself in Don Chancer's garments, he would, to say the least, make an odd appearance; if he were to speak in Chancer's tongue, he hardly would be understood—apologies to the Anglo-Saxon class—and the art of acceptable story-telling is only less remarkable than the costume or the English of five hundred years ago. There have been many novels of greater or of less success, but latter times have produced no such abundance of readable short stories. There may be half a dozen American authors whose efforts in this direction have been thoroughly acceptable.

It is scarcely possible that a short story should be elaborate; it is essential that it should be bright, something which one may take up for an hour or so, and enjoy a quiet laugh over, or, it may be, feel his nature vibrate to a softer note, touched by the trembling hand of one in sorrow or in pain, of one with whom it does him good to sympathize a little while.

One who has read "Gallagher and Other Stories," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, cannot fail to understand why this young author has gained the attention of a literary world. It is because he has made his own the art of story-telling. We grow a little tired of novels—at least I think we do—novels with the same old beginning, middle and ending, which have been the possession of almost all their predecessors, and we most thoroughly enjoy a story, told as the very few can tell it.

The college literary journal has many important functions which the world at large is perhaps somewhat prone to ignore, and although the development of talent along the line of story-telling may not be the most important of these functions, it has its place among the rest. Here, as nowhere else, the young writer may obtain that encouragement which is so essential to the development of the majority of men. If he were to send his productions to a metropolitan magazine they would be returned, accompanied by the heartfelt thanks of the editor, who has enjoyed a great privilege in having been permitted by the author to ex-

amine his manuscript but who finds his space all occupied, and there might end a literary career. The various *Lits.* will be delighted to receive his contribution, and as these are published from time to time his ambition is aroused, and he may hope in the future to gain a more coveted prize in a wider world. Another thing: all men who have been to college know the value of criticism received from fellow-students. Men say what they would dare to say nowhere else; as they think, they speak. No weakness escapes notice and remark, but while the criticism is severe it is seldom else than kindly. In the college world a man's maiden efforts are appreciated and he is made the recipient of much valuable criticism.

Many of the stories which we read in college periodicals have within them evident promise of a future, while now and then one appears having a merit which even the wider world of which I have spoken, could not with justice scorn.

It almost seems too bad that authors who have gained some eminence as story-writers should so often despise their talent and feel that something larger is expected of them. It is a great shame to spoil a good story-writer to make an inferior novelist. It is to be hoped—at least *The Table* hopes—that the modern novel may, in some measure at least, be supplanted by a class of stories such as we occasionally read. And it is little to be doubted that if such a change come about, the college literary magazine will be an important factor in its development.

We are glad to notice the admirable sketch of Mr. Lincoln, which Mr. Carl Schurz contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a review of the "Life of Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay, and is most comprehensive, giving the story of the ten volumes of these biographers in about thirty pages. Interesting incident is combined with character study, and altogether we find this one of the brightest biographical sketches that it has been our pleasure to see. The concluding paragraph is an eloquent tribute to "one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men." Mr. Stockton's description, in his "House of Martha," of a voyage in a grocery boat is decidedly characteristic. The Oxford 'Varsity crew is described by S. E. Wurbolt, and Samuel J. Barrows tells us "What the Southern Negro is Doing for Himself." These are but a few of the good things to be found in this issue.

The Magazine of Art has for its frontispiece "Glad Spring," by George Wetherbee. The paper upon "The Royal Academy, 1891," tells how the London fog is partly responsible for the fact that the exhibition this year will be less brilliant than usual. "Berkeley Castle" is illustrated and described, as well as Cassell's "The International Shakspeare," and "The Royal Holloway Picture Gallery." "The French Revival of Etching" is discussed briefly by Frederick Wedmore. The illustrations are, as usual, very fine.

We take another stroll upon the world's great streets this month as, in *Scribner's*, Francisque Sarcey guides us through "The Boulevards of Paris." We have our attention called to various "types," visit the famous Café Tortoni, and watch the boulevards from seven in the evening until midnight. The steamship articles are continued in William H. Rideing's "Safety on the Atlantic," which is a paper of unusual interest. Molière is discussed by Andrew Lang. There are illustrated articles upon "Boys' Clubs" and "Some Photographs of Luminous Objects." Mrs. Stimson's two-part story, "An Alabama Courtship," is concluded. Bliss Perry contributes two sketches of German life. Maria Blunt writes a Southern story called "Parson Joye's Justice." Edith M. Thomas, Louise Imogen Guiney and Chas. F. Lummis, contribute poems.

The Cosmopolitan is full of interesting matter this month, the first article being upon "Japanese Women." There is a handsomely illustrated paper by Mary D. Wellcome, upon Gustave Doré. Thomas B. Connery considers Henry M. Stanley and Thomas A. Edison the most remarkable men of to-day, and gives some incidents concerning them. We get a glimpse of "The House of Madame De Pompadour" and inspect "The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich." Prof. Boyesen's "Elixir of Pain" is continued. Other illustrated articles are upon Beau Brummell and "The Light of the Harem."

George Parsons Lathrop is the author of *Lippincott's* novel for June. "The Gold of Pleasure" is the title of the story. In the "Letters by Horace Greeley," we find some lines of very unmistakable pathos. The last of Mr. Greeley's letters is given, and some interesting epistle which he, as a Presidential candidate received, are added. "Alexandra, Princess of Wales," is described in a pleasing little sketch by Lucy C. Lillie. Mary E. Wilkins contributes a short story, "Sonny."

The University Magazine for May contains a poem upon Henry Cummings Lamar, by Dr. Miller; also, a picture of last year's Glee Club and a list of prominent graduates.

We are sorry that we must go to print this month before the arrival of *The Century* and *Outing*, but owing to the close of the term it is necessary to do so.

We have been much interested in looking over the pages of *The Oxford Magazine*. Although we discover a foreign flavor, and cricket scores occupy the space which the American college journal devotes to baseball, we find much the same spirit manifesting itself in the old world student as in the new.

We are also glad to see, from the continent, our friend who represents *L'Université de Paris*. If he only spoke English we should, perhaps, understand him better, but in spite of difficulties we find him most amicable.

The Wellesley Prelude for May 16th, contains rather a pleasing dialect sketch entitled "De Enemy."

We cannot forbear mentioning "Bones, a Character Sketch," in *The Vassar Miscellany*. It is well done. What there is of a literary department in the periodical is so excellent that we wish it might be fuller.

"A Story of Giavollette," in *The Yale Courant*, is attractive. It has some rather vivid description and quite a pathetic ending.

THE DYING DAY.

The mournful winds were sighing,
As borne from every clime
They heard that Day was dying
In the arms of Father Time.

Fair blossoms hid their faces;
The birds all hushed their song;
The hours with funeral paces
Joined in the mourning throng.

For she was Time's sweet daughter
By all the glad world blessed,
But now in grief they sought her,
Cloud-pillowed in the West.

They watched her burning fever,
Saw she was sinking fast;
Then hectic flushes leave her,
And death comes on at last.

The world, to show affection,
Dark mourning colors wore,
Till in glad resurrection
The Day should rise once more.

—*Brown Magazine*.

FROM TRAUMBILDER.

Ah! know you still that old weird song,
That thrilled you through so fierce and long,
And with your sad heart strove?
Angels call it joy supernal,
Devils call it woe infernal,
Mortals call it love.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

THE ANSWER.

(*From the German of Uhland.*)

The rosebud that you sent to me,
Plucked by your hand from the garden tree,
It scarce survived till evening's breath—
The journey hither was its death.
Now flutters like a spirit free,
This little song, its soul, to thee.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. BY JOHN FISK. 2 VOLS.; \$2.00 EACH. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Few more valuable works than the one before us have been presented to the American public. The histories of Professor Fisk are destined to become classics, and the eagerness with which they have been received is a proof that his efforts are thoroughly appreciated. No period of our history has for us such a romantic interest as those days when the "embattled farmers" fought and conquered old England's well-trained armies, farmers led by him whose noble life we revere more and more as time removes us farther from him. The author states his purpose as "not so much to contribute new facts as to shape the narrative in such a way as to emphasize relations of cause and effect that are often buried in the mass of details." In carrying out this purpose his remarkable success is evident. He refrains from digressions, which, although interesting to certain localities, have no bearing upon the general subject of the Revolution. Incident, however, is not neglected, and romantic tales and legends are narrated in a most charming manner. The sketches of prominent individuals in their relation to the time are numerous and of great interest. The style could not be surpassed. It is a most delightful book to read in a systematic manner, and it is no less entertaining when, taken up for a minute, one glances here and there. It is a work at any page of which one becomes interested.

Professor Fisk has certainly done a thankworthy service in presenting to those who love America and are proud of the story of '76, a history which is "neither too long to be manageable, nor too brief to be interesting," a history which cannot fail to render splendid service for his country wherever it may go.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1607-1885. BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. \$3.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A popular edition of Richardson's "American Literature," two volumes in one, is upon our table. The book is a handsome one, bound in half-leather, with gilt top and rough edges, and the contents are fully worthy of the binding. The introduction is an admirable essay upon "The Perspective of American Literature," in which that interesting question concerning the relative importance of American Literature is carefully and fairly discussed. The first part of the work is concerned with "The Development of American Thought," tracing this development from the earliest times. The influence of Princeton is recognized, and among Princeton thinkers especial attention is given to Dr. Charles Hodge and

to ex-President McCosh. The second part is devoted to "American Poetry and Fiction," discussing and giving examples of the earliest verse-making in this country and of the subsequent expansion in this department, devoting most enjoyable chapters to Longfellow, Poe and Emerson. Much careful literary discernment is evident in the estimate of these and of the other American poets. "Tones and Tendencies of American Verse" are discussed in Chapter VII, the latter chapters being devoted to fiction from the days when Mrs. Rowson wrote "Charlotte Temple" to our present-day novelists. The work is most valuable for reference, as it mentions all authors of any note, and especially as it traces the progress of American literary life. A Princeton professor heartily commends it as "one of the few books on literature in which the historical and logical methods are happily combined." The publishers are deserving of thanks for having issued this "People's Edition" and having thus brought such a valuable work within the money-reach of a larger number of persons than it could be in its former more expensive form.

GOSPEL CRITICISM AND HISTORICAL CHRISTIANITY. ORELLIO
CONE, D.D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In the preface to this valuable work Dr. Cone tells his readers that his object is "to show the actual application of the critical process of the Gospels, to indicate the main lines of the course of the criticism of these writings, and to ascertain what is tenable and permanent in its conclusions." He carries out his purpose in no unskillful manner in the succeeding pages. The discussions are conducted with logical reasoning, couched in a literary style which makes them readable to others beside those directly in touch with the problems of Gospel criticism. The chapters on the autography, copies and textual history of the Gospels cannot but interest everyone who has given any consideration whatever to this portion of inspired literature; while the chapters on special topics, which unbelievers have taken as texts for their objections, discuss those topics in the clear, rational light which should follow the author's dedicatory words: "To the believers who fear criticism, and to the unbelievers who appeal to it." Dr. Cone's work will satisfy both sides. The volume only proves what has been held by so many persons, that the divine inspiration of the Gospels does not shun, but rather courts scientific investigation. Dr. Cone has brought his own keenness and learning, and the knowledge and research of others, to bear upon his work. The result is a grand success, and the modesty which marks the author's language when he finds himself opposed to authorities perhaps greater than himself, does not detract one iota from the confidence one feels when reading the rest of the book. Private opinion is a divine right of man.

The first chapter treats of the text of the Gospels, and contains an important section on textual criticism. The second chapter concerns

itself about the history of the canon from the apostolic age to the beginning of the third century. The various epistles, gospels and canons of the early church are discussed at length. Then follows a chapter on the synoptic problem of the relation of the first three Gospels to one another. Distinct difference was early observed between the first three Gospels and the fourth, and investigation and discussion have resulted in the decision that the former contain the historical relations of our Saviour's life, while the latter contains rather the theology of His teaching. There were slight differences, however, in the accounts of the first three Gospels, and the explanation of these is the synoptic problem. Dr. Cone takes up the Gospels in succession and subjects them to minute discussion, and then examines their eschatology, dogmatic tendencies and hermeneutics, and, having treated of them collectively as histories, he concludes his able work with a chapter on the relation of criticism to history. Criticism does not tend to invalidate historical Christianity. The impression that it does is a popular misapprehension. Some would say that if any part of so ancient and revered a matter calls forth criticism, there must be ground for doubt. That this is illogical and untrue a moment's consideration will prove. Criticism shows the Gospels "in the stream of human history amidst a great number of other writings that the powerful impulse proceeding from the personality of Jesus gave rise to, left to make their way to public recognition chiefly by their own merit." It shows that "they appear to have attained recognition largely by reason of internal qualities, their historical character and general excellence in comparison with other similar writings." Dr. Cone marshals the results of gospel criticism in a formidable array, and we close the volume feeling that another link has been forged in the already invulnerable chain armor that surrounds the life and personality of the Son of Man.

THE EPIC OF SAUL. BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. \$2.50. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

We have here an epic of recognized merit. Professor Wilkinson has spent many years of faithful study, and has produced a work which has been received with high praise wherever it has gone. The London *Freeman* says "that this poem must be ranked among the greatest literary efforts of our time," and this opinion is upheld by a host of prominent personages. The poem is written in blank verse and is about 8,000 lines in length. There is, in many passages, high poetic imagery, and throughout a remarkable spirit of devotion is evident. Many parts of the work have appeared in *The Century*, *The Independent* and other periodicals, and have always met with highest favor. No life is better fitted for epic treatment than that of the great apostle. He was a hero in the truest sense of the word.

In Saul of Tarsus we find the characteristics which afterward were used in the development of the splendid life of Saul the Apostle. We

are naturally drawn to the man, to his unflinching fearlessness, his brilliant intellectual powers, his superb oratory. Saul was a hero, "and here," says Dr. McCosh, "we have his heroic deeds turned into an epic in pleasant and excellent verse."

GALLAGHER AND OTHER STORIES. BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.
(NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

Several of these stories have appeared in the current magazines, and have attracted much attention. Mr. Davis understands his characters, and presents them in an unusually bright and attractive manner. His range is large, extending all the way from his disreputable friend, Mr. Raegan, to the aristocratic Mr. Cortlandt Van Bibber. The one he handles with as much skill as the other. Some of the stories, such as "Gallagher," strike a truly pathetic note, while the Van Bibber tales are most laughable. The principal charm is in the style, for, although the stories themselves have an unusual amount of inherent value, the manner in which they are told is even more admirable. Mr. Davis has, in a very short time, gained a reputation of which he may well be proud, and the literary world are awaiting with interest further productions from his pen.

FOURTEEN TO ONE. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This volume is a collection of short stories, all of which are characteristic of an author who, in this department, has become deservedly famous. It is needless to remark that the stories are full of that bright humor which makes a strong contrast for the pathos, in the use of which Mrs. Ward so remarkably excels. The entire number of stories is fourteen, and the volume is tastefully bound. "Jack the Fisherman" is one of the most pathetic stories ever written, and has well been designated the most powerful of all temperance tales. "Shut In" is also pathetic, but, unlike "Jack," has a happy ending. Mrs. Ward certainly is one of the modern writers whose efforts in the line of story-telling may safely be termed success.

A NEW ENGLAND NUN AND OTHER STORIES. BY MARY E. WILKINS. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

This book is a charming sequence to the author's popular work, "A Humble Romance." The setting of Miss Wilkins' stories is the quiet calm of village life. It is the light, trivial points, both in character and in scene, she brings out with most effect. For realistic minutiae, she is unsurpassed in modern story fiction. The details are given with a charm peculiarly her own. All of her characters are well individualized, but that in which she excels is the portraiture of the peculiarities of the old maid or spinster of the village. But she always writes in a kindly,

sympathetic tone. There is a soothing quietude in these rose-scented rural stories that makes one glad he has read them and impels him to linger longer among them.

THE SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE. BY "POLITIKOS."
(NEW YORK; D. APPLETON & Co.)

This is one of the most readable books that we have seen. It is a sketchy combination of biography and history, giving in easy style a number of most interesting facts and characteristic anecdotes which the ordinary reader does not know, concerning the private and public life of European sovereigns, and their relation, direct or otherwise, to the politics of the latter half of our century. Though historians are beginning to regard sovereigns as ordinary mortals, and a crown nowadays does not mean all it did in other times, yet there still lingers a certain reverence and awe around the title of ruler that is reflected in the people over whom sovereignty is exercised. Kings and queens still influence their subjects. To show up this influence, and to give an account of the kings and queens themselves, is one of the purposes of "Politikos'" book. The statements therein contained are reliable, for they have been prepared from authoritative sources. We can perceive in the essays that spirit of progress which has so marked, of late years, the conduct of great European sovereigns. Some of the finest men and women of our age have been, and are, occupants of European thrones. That "Politikos" is a Britisher is not hard to perceive, both by his diction and by the loving loyalty which pervades the last and best of his sketches—the one on Victoria.

The portraits that accompany fourteen of the seventeen sketches enhance the attractiveness and value of the book to no small degree.

DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1606-1863.
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND REFERENCES BY HOWARD W. PRESTON. \$1.50.
(NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1891.)

For the student of American history whose object is not a mere superficial common-school knowledge of the subject, Mr. Preston has done a great deal in editing such a book as this. Many very important documents are brought together in chronological order, so that it is easy to study the slow growth of political thought and to trace the influence of one event on the outcome of the next. The author's introductions are more than sufficient to connect the links of the chain and the collections of references for the circumstances connected with each document are admirable and are calculated to be an enormous help to the student. Beginning with the first Virginia charter, all the colonial charters are taken up in their order, including the interesting charter of Connecticut, which practically made Connecticut independent and afterwards served as a model for the construction of the Federal Legislature. Other docu-

ments, important as showing the growth of political thought, are Franklin's Plan of Union, the various Bills of Rights which bring us down to Revolutionary times. Of the documents since that time less notice is usually taken, and this latter part of the book is therefore not the least valuable.

SESAME AND LILIES. BY JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D. INTRODUCTION BY C. E. NORTON. BRANTWOOD EDITION. (NEW YORK: CHARLES E. MERRILL & Co.)

The topics of which this work treats are of interest to all, hence its popularity. We can agree with Mr. Ruskin when he says "that there is such a thing as essential good and as essential bad in books, in art and in character; that this essential goodness and badness are independent of epochs, fashions, opinions or revolutions." It is the essential good that one finds in these two lectures of the great master of English speech that has made them favorites.

"Sesame" calls our attention to the treasures hidden in books, and discusses the subject with all the skill and grace at the author's command, showing us how kingly is the wealth of which books make us the possessors, and proposing to us how and what to read.

"Lilies," the second part of the volume, investigates the question as to what portion of this kingly heritage educated women may rightly own, and is filled with a chivalrous respect and tender regard for the gentler but not always weaker sex.

Both parts were written when Ruskin was in his prime—"while my energies were still unbroken and my temper unfretted." They display his power as a prose writer without showing the exaggerated color of his earlier works. It had pruned his style, and we have before us the mature thought and brilliant, but not effervescent, diction of a master. The aim of "Sesame and Lilies" is not to teach, but rather to suggest and stimulate by showing us loftier ideals in our intellectual life. The book is written expressly for the educated young reader. Messrs. Merrill & Co., in their Brantwood edition, give it a neat and simple binding, while paper and type could not be improved.

CHANSONS POPULAIRES DE LA FRANCE. COLLECTED AND EDITED BY PROF. T. F. CRANE, OF CORNELL. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This is the latest of the exquisite Knickerbocker Nugget Series. The quaint illustrations and head-pieces that are scattered through the pages add much to the attractiveness of the book. We must reiterate the statement made before in these columns that the Knickerbocker Nuggets are the daintiest volumes in the market.

The poetry of French peasant life—of which these ballads are selections—is a subject hitherto very much neglected, even by the French themselves. Prof. Crane's book, therefore, though it presents but one

feature of peasant poetry, will be welcomed by all students of the French language and literature. In his introduction, which, by the way, is replete with fact and suggestive though scarcely literary, Prof. Crane gives us no better reason for his voluntary restriction to the ballads of peasant poetry, than that the present volume may be a companion to those of Spanish and British ballads already published.

Nevertheless the selections are so well made, and are so intrinsically interesting that we can readily excuse the restriction. The best of the ballads are: *Le roi a fait battre Tambour*; *Sur le bord de l'Isle*; *Rnaud*; *Quand je vais aux jardin's D'Amour and Cécilia*.

We hope that this volume may not be the last on the subject of French peasant poetry. We should like to become better acquainted with this scarce known branch of French literature, which is so free, so quaint and yet so natural and truly poetic.

LEWIS CASS. BY PROF. ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN. AMERICAN STATESMEN SERIES. EDITED BY JOHN J. MORSE, JR. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1891.)

The value of the American Statesmen Series is unquestioned. Its object is to study representative men of various sections and periods of our history. The study of the life and character of such a man as Lewis Cass cannot but be of the greatest interest. His political life covers some of the most exciting crises of American history. As Secretary of War in Jackson's reconstructed cabinet he saw the introduction of the spoils system. In the Senate he was no mean figure in the debates on the compromise of 1850. But it is not for these reasons that the life of Lewis Cass is of interest to the student. He was not Washington nor Lincoln, but he was a great American statesman. He was a representative man, and his influence on the growth of Michigan and the Northwest was very great. Prof. McLaughlin has told his story in a clear, pleasing way. It is not, like many biographies, heavy and tiresome, but full of interest from cover to cover.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS. BY FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

It is fitting that a life of such romantic interest as that of this distinguished colored man should be brought before the people of the United States, both that they may know more of him as a man and especially as a colored man. Here we have an example of the possibilities of a race against which we have so much prejudice and which we are very prone to underestimate. The tendency of this volume certainly is toward the removal of such prejudice. We follow Mr. Douglass from his childhood, through the various phases of slavery, to his freedom. From that time we see his advancement toward the splendid reputation which he, by pluck and real ability, has gained. Mr. Douglass's own manuscripts

have been used in illustrating his views and character. A portrait of the distinguished colored man is found at the beginning of the volume.

NEW YORK. BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 1891. (LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.: LONDON AND NEW YORK.)

New York city, as the chief center of our nation, has a peculiar hold on all American hearts. It is the Mecca towards which so many ambitious American lads turn their eyes, and often, alas! their footsteps. Now this book greets us, written by a prominent New Yorker, Theodore Roosevelt, telling to us the story of the mighty city from the day that Henry Hudson sailed up the river that bears his name down to the year of our Lord 1890. We love to read of the quaint, quiet old Dutch town, New Amsterdam. There is something about Van Twiller and Stuyvesant that we revere and love. But the most interesting chapters of the book are those on New York during the stormy times of 1776. There is not an uninteresting page in those chapters. For the author to write them was to him a labor of love, and his patriotism is shown on every page. It is a story of vital as well as thrilling moment. The various stages of the after-growth of the city are depicted with a skillful hand. The story of the draft riot of 1863 is well described.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA. BY W. ECHARD GOLDEN, A.M., (NEW YORK: WELCH, FRACKER & CO.)

Mr. Golden deals with the historical development of the English drama, tracing it from its earliest forms, "The Moral Plays," through the period of the great dramatists. In the first chapter the author enters into the spirit of the age, discussing the life, music and plays of the thirteenth century with a master's hand. He shows fine taste in his selection of characters in the history of the time. The chapter is by far the most pleasing in the book, and we could have wished that it were longer. It is a new field, and the author handles his material with rare skill. In the remaining chapter the same ground is traveled which has been often trod before. Here and there is found a new thought which lightens any monotony which may be attendant upon an old subject. The picture of Ben Jonson is bright and life-like. The style is clear and often resembles that of that master in description, Donald Mitchell.

GLADSTONE. BY J. L. M. CURRY, LL.D. (RICHMOND: B. F. JOHNSON & Co.)

Dr. Curry's life of Gladstone ought strongly to appeal to the intelligence of the average American. The latter part of the book, dealing with the Parnell question, should be interesting to the lover of good and sound government everywhere. In light of the recent occurrences in England and Ireland, the "Grand Old Man" has become the center of interest. The distinguished statesman rises above party and English

prejudices, and demands that Parnell should step down and out. The author, in his book, discusses the situation calmly and fairly—the first written discussion of the Parnell question to appear on this side of the water. We would have wished, however, that the author had stopped to tell us more of Gladstone's early life—the life at Eton and Oxford. Gladstone's speeches are recently quoted. The reasons that caused him to leave the Tory party are clearly and plainly stated and defended. A whole chapter is devoted to the consideration of his greatest work, "The Disestablishment of the Irish Church." The style is clear and forcible. The reasons are logical throughout. One objection is that it reads more like a text-book than a biography.

HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. By D. F. LINCOLN, M.D. (BOSTON, 1891 : GINN & CO., PUBLISHERS.)

The structure of our own bodies is a subject about which all of us should know something. This book is intended to put this useful information in a shape suited to children. Each subject is profusely and accurately illustrated, and the descriptions and explanations are very plain. The chapter on "Food and Digestion," and that on "Alcoholic Drinks," are particularly interesting, and contain some very useful information on the subject of our food and drink. The book is evidently the fruit of accurate knowledge, and is intended to represent generally accepted views on hygiene.

BIOGRAPHY OF DIO LEWIS, A.M., M.D. By MARY F. EASTMAN. (FOWLER & WELLS CO.: NEW YORK.)

This is the biography of a typical American. Dr. Dio Lewis has one fame only after a lifetime of struggle and endeavor. The story of his life is fascination. He was always loyal to his convictions, cost what it might—friends, fame or fortune. We are carried back to the Northern life before the war, when the whole land was ringing with the great speeches in Congress; when the words of Phillips and Sumner echoed throughout the land. In his letters, also, written from the South, we can read the Southern life stirred by conflicting passions and desires. The best of the letters is the one which describes the effect of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great book in the South. Dr. Lewis is the well-known temperance advocate, and the largest part of the book is taken up in the description of his difficulties and successes in battling for the temperance cause. The style is unnatural and often stilted. The one notable exception is the chapter on the temperance crusade in Chicago, which is told with rare clearness and vividness.

"THERE AND BACK." By GEORGE MACDONALD. \$1.50 AND 50 CENTS. (BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO.)

George MacDonald is one of the popular writers of the day, and in his new romance of English life, "There and Back," will increase his popu-

larity. While the motive of the story is not a new one—an abducted child who is heir to a title, his experiences, and ultimate success and return to the heritage—yet many of the situations are so novel and the leading characters are drawn so clearly that we can prophesy a large sale for the novel.

Those who have read George MacDonald's works at all know how skillfully he manages his characters, how upright and manly are the thought and action, and how vivid is the style. "There and Back" may be taken as one of his typical novels.

Of the characters it remains to be said that the heroine is, perhaps, the one who will be the favorite. The old baronet and the blacksmith are also notably well drawn. The publishers have given American readers a cheap, popular edition in one volume, appearing at the same time as the standard three-volume guinea edition published in England, and for this they are to be commended.

HOW TO GET MUSCULAR. BY CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR. (ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co., NEW YORK.)

This delightful little book contains many lessons on Practical Christianity. The addresses, five in number, are simple, strong, vigorous. His illustrations are especially good, taken from the common things around us. While it is the same old story, yet the author, in setting before us the exercise of the soul, comparing it always with the exercise of the body, presents it in a new and striking light. The chapter on strength is by far the best and the most interesting to young men, whom it is designed to reach. The style is facile and flexible. Mr. Wadsworth writes as he speaks—to reach the heart.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. BY MAXWELL GRAY. 50 CENTS. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

An interesting and instructive novel is before us. The scene is laid in England and India. The historic element is strong, dealing, as it does, with the war in India. It is the story of a soldier, Philip Meade, an adopted son of the old miller, Mathew Meade. The author's description of English scenery, for accuracy of detail and distinctness of local coloring, are perfect, and forms the chief charm of the book. He is especially happy in his description of the old mill. The chief character of the book, Jessie Meade, a simple, brown-eyed country girl, born with a face bearing the features of a lady, is well described. The conclusion of the book is disappointing.

THE MAID OF HONOR. HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD. 50 CENTS. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

Mr. Wingfield's novels are always interesting and sprightly, with a touch of pathos. The Maid of Honor is no exception to this rule

although it is not on the same high level as "Lady Guizel." The scene of the novel is laid in France during the stormy times of 1789-92. The historical element is strong and well written. The Chief character of the book, Garfriele de Gauge, is well drawn.

THE ESSENTIAL USES OF THE MOODS IN GREEK AND LATIN.

By ROBERT P. KEEP. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

The uses of the moods in Greek and Latin are here set forth in parallel arrangement. The Latin use occupying one page with the corresponding Greek use opposite. Full references are found to the Greek and Latin Grammars. The arrangement sets forth very clearly that knowledge which is essential and which the beginner finds so difficult to master.

TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES. By F. ANSTAY. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

Anstay's style is very evident. The story is amusing. The plot is not very original, as we have the old story of a dream. This is, however, concealed with considerable skill. For an hour's very light reading we can commend it.

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL. By THE "DUCHESS." 50 CENTS. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

"A Little Irish Girl" is not particularly interesting. Several short stories are contained in the volume.

LA GRIFFE AND ITS TREATMENT. By CYRUS EDSON, M.D. 25 CENTS. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

Parchment covers. A useful book for general readers.